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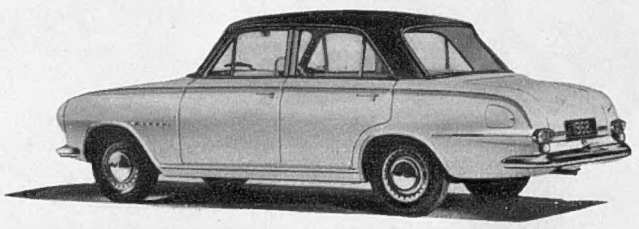

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Volume CCXLVI No. 3199

THE SPHERE

LONDON, September 23, 1961

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THE DEATH OF MR. HAMMARSKJOLD

The Secretary-General leaves the U.N. building in New York to fly to Congo after news had been received of the U.N. troops take-over of Katanga Province and of the ensuing fighting between them and President Tshombe's forces. In Leopoldville, Mr. Hammarskjold immediately started talks with Mr. Adoula, the Congolese Central Government Prime Minister, and held consultations with U.N. officials there. From Elisabethville, the Katanga capital, Mr. Tshombe was reported to have announced his determination to fight the U.N. World opinion was divided on the military action taken by Mr. O'Brien, the U.N. Chief in Katanga. The Congo crisis had come up again on the eve of the U.N. General Assembly, due to start last Tuesday, and it was expected Mr. Hammarskjold would have reported on Congo (see also News Summary, page 444, and other pages)

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NEWS SUMMARY

The tragedy of Mr. Hammarskjold overshadows the U.N.; West German elections; an offer from the F.L.N. to France; Executions in Turkey; uprising in Iraq

MR. HAMMARSKJOLD

A shocked and appalled world learned on Monday of the death of Dag Hammarskjold in the air crash in Africa. Our frontispiece this week shows the Secretary-General leaving for the last time the building in New York of the United Nations, for which he had laboured with such devotion and integrity. The tragedy naturally overshadowed all other matters, as the U.N. Assembly met on Tuesday. (See also pages 448-449.)

INTERNATIONAL

On Sunday, **Russia** exploded its twelfth atomic device since the Kremlin's decision to resume atmospheric tests. On the same day the **United States** carried out its second underground test in the series ordered by President Kennedy as a counter to Mr. Khrushchev's action.

The old Court House, one of the buildings shattered by the hurricane in Galveston, Texas

A " most resolute protest " had been sent from **Moscow** to **London, Washington** and **Paris** regarding the two West German fighter aircraft which landed in **West Berlin** on Thursday of last week. The West German Government stated that the pilots had lost their way in bad weather and an apology was sent at once by West Germany to Britain, France, the U.S.A. and Russia. (Under the quadrupartite agreements no West German military or civil aircraft is allowed to fly into Berlin.) The Russians refused to accept the apology and declared the incident to be a " gross aggressive act." Nevertheless, in the U.N. lobbies in New York there was some hope of a start being made towards negotiations on Berlin in the informal talks expected this week between Mr. Dean Rusk and Mr. Gromyko in New York. Last week, Mr. Rusk conferred in Washington with Lord Home, Mr. Couve de Murville and Herr von Brentano, of West Germany.

The annual meetings of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund opened in **Vienna** on Monday. Seventy-two countries were represented. The I.M.F. report, issued before the meetings, indicated that one of the main questions to be discussed would be the establishment of a system of stand-by credits on which the Fund would be able to draw in time of need.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was representing Britain at the Vienna talks. A few days previously the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been in **Accra** for the Conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers. A statement issued at the conclusion of the meeting said that the other Ministers had expressed to Mr. Lloyd their grave apprehension and concern regarding possible results of Britain's application to join the Common Market. Early this week the E.E.C. Permanent Committee in **Brussels** resumed its study of the British application.

Natural disasters and two more serious air accidents added to the troubles of the world. In the **United States** the hurricane " Carla " hit the coast of Texas and Louisiana early last week. Some 500,000 people fled their homes before winds of up to 173 m.p.h., which caused widespread damage. Tornadoes in the wake of the hurricane killed eleven people. Later in the week the hurricane " Debbie " struck the west coast of the British Isles, killing thirteen people in **Ireland** and one in **Scotland.**

One hundred people were reported killed in **Formosa** by a typhoon of 135 m.p.h. and over the weekend, **Japan** was struck by one of the worst typhoons of recent years. The death roll was put at 157, mainly in Osaka and Kyoto, where wide areas were devastated.

A Caravelle airliner crashed three miles outside Rabat in **Morocco** on Tuesday of last week. All seventy-eight passengers and crew were killed. On Sunday, a North-West Airlines Electra carrying thirty-seven people, including a crew of five, crashed and caught fire near Chicago. There were no survivors. This was the fourth airliner to crash this month.

WEST GERMANY

In the early hours of last Monday a spokesman in **Bonn** of Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democrats (CDU) conceded that the party had lost its overall majority in the Bundestag as result of the voting in the West German general election the previous day. Seats had been lost to the Social Democrats (SDP), led by Herr Willy Brandt, the Mayor of Berlin, and to the Liberal Free Democrats (FDP), led by Herr Erich Mende. There was great speculation about the future of the eighty-six-year-old Chancellor Adenauer. Before the election, the FDP had declared it would be willing to serve in a coalition with the CDU but not with Dr. Adenauer as Chancellor.

Provisional results at midday on Monday were: CDU 241 seats; SDP 190; and FDP 66. (Representation of these parties in the previous Bundestag was CDU 279; SDP 169 and FDP 41.)

FRANCE

There were hopes last weekend in **Paris** that negotiations might be renewed between the French Government and the Algerian Provisional Government on Algeria. Mr. ben Khedda, the new Premier of the " Provisional Government," in a broadcast took up General de Gaulle's indication that France might be willing to reach an accommodation over the future status of the Sahara. (It was over French demands for sovereignty of the Sahara, to protect her oil interests, that the last talks broke down.) Mr. ben Khedda in his broadcast did not exhort his followers to carry out reprisals for recent outrages in Algeria by European extremists. There were further incidents in **Oran** last weekend. It was revealed that French security forces in Algeria had been ordered to open fire on demonstrators attacking Algerians.

In France last week investigations continued on the attempted assassination of President de Gaulle.

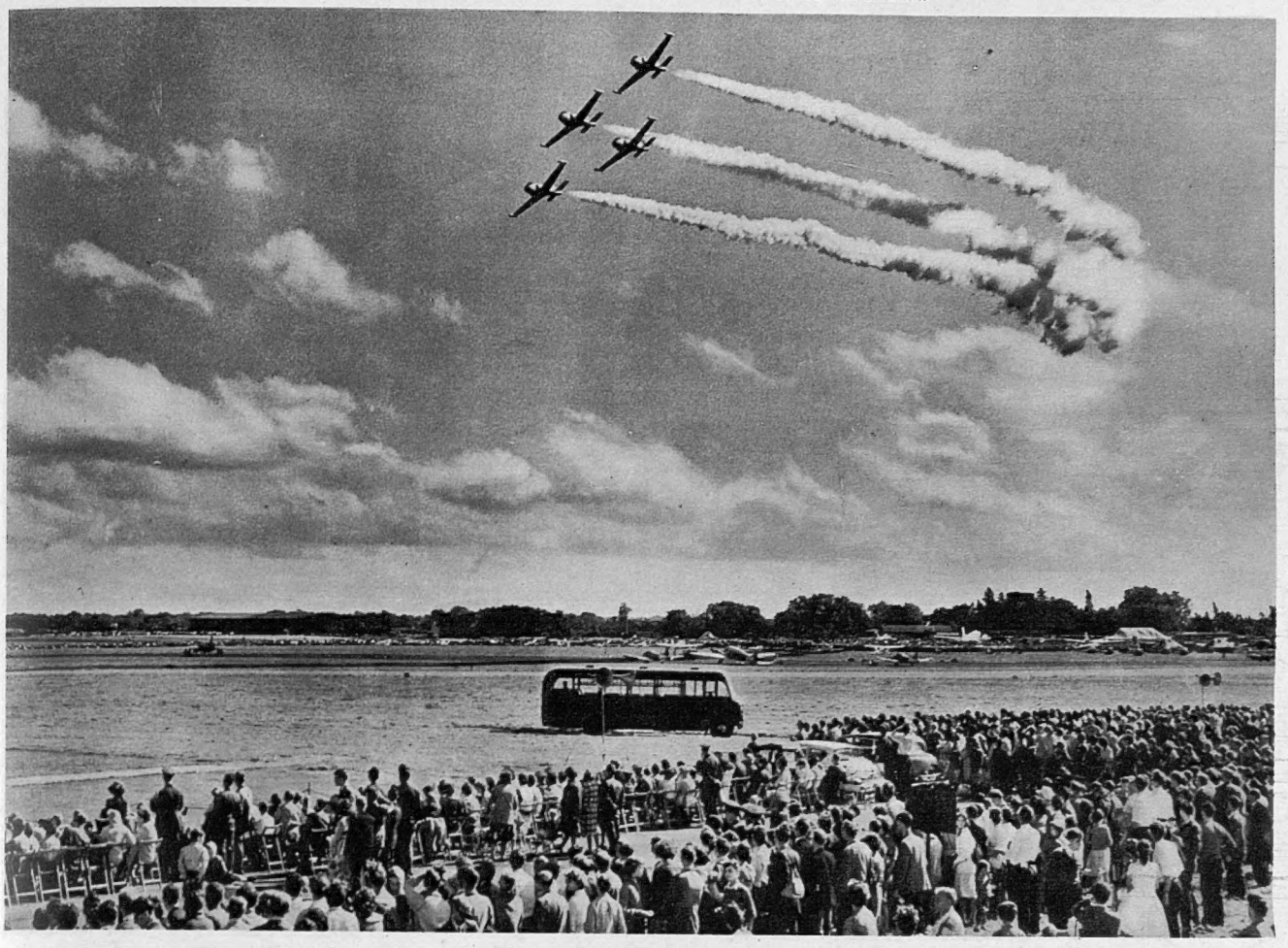
TURKEY

Mr. Menderes, the former Prime Minister of Turkey, and two members of his Government, Mr. Zorlu, the former Foreign Minister, and Mr. Polatkan, the former Minister of Finance, were hanged last weekend after being sentenced to death by the High Court of Yassieda. The death sentences were pronounced under an article of the Turkish penal code prescribing death for " those attempting by force to change, replace, or abrogate the constitution of the Turkish Republic." In all the High Court sentenced 461. Twelve death sentences were communted to life imprisonment. The members of the Menderes regime were arrested and imprisoned when the military junta, led by General Gursel, came into power. It was reported that there was general astonishment in Istanbul at the extreme severity of the sentences.

IRAQ

Reports reaching various countries in the Middle East indicated that bitter fighting has been going on in Northern Iraq between General Kassem's troops and Kurdish tribes who have established a separatist " Kurdistan." It was stated that much of northern Iraq is controlled by the Kurds. They are led by Mulla Mustafa of the Barazani tribe. He and other members of the tribe were forced to leave Iraq after the last war and took refuge in Russia. They returned when General Kassem came to power in 1958. Since then it was believed that Mulla Mustafa had been preparing for the rebellion which first broke out five months ago. A separate Kurdish state was proclaimed. The rebels have tried to enlist the support of the Kurds settled in many Middle East countries.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



COMMEMORATING THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Jet Provost aircraft of the Central Flying School take part in the display at the R.A.F. Station at Biggin Hill, Kent, to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the Battle of Britain. The R.A.F. flypast over London to follow the Commemoration Ceremony in Westminster Abbey last Sunday was cancelled because of bad weather. After the service, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Newall, took the salute at a march past on the Victoria Embankment. Present at the saluting base was Mr. Macmillan

JORDANIAN TROOPS ARRIVE IN KUWAIT

Below, far left: Jordanian troops march from their plane on arrival at Kuwait. They were a unit of the Arab League forces taking over from the British troops in the sheikhdom. On Monday this week there were estimated to be over 1,000 Arab troops in Kuwait, from Jordan, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Republic, Sudan and Tunisia. The Ruler of Kuwait last week asked Britain to withdraw its troops, which have been there since early July

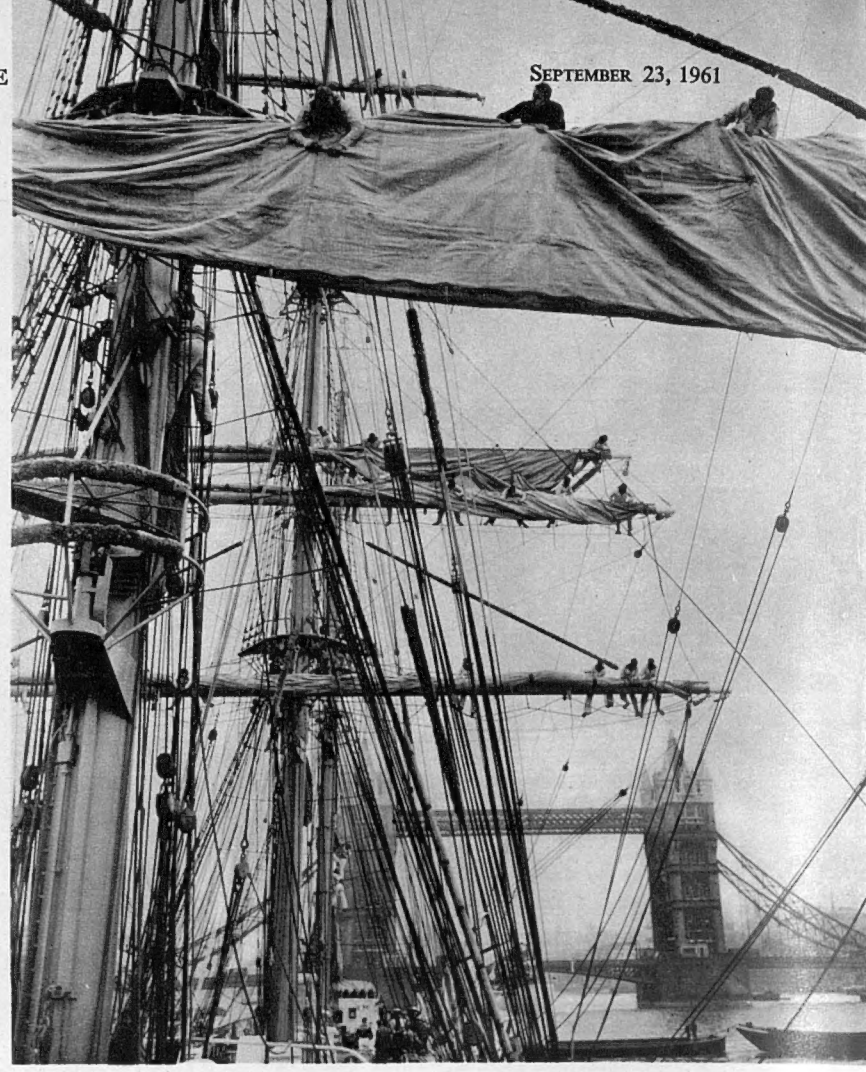
Mr. MACLEOD MEETS UGANDA DELEGATES

Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, meets (left to right) the Kabaka of Buganda, the Mugabe of Ankole and the Kyabazinga of Busoga. They had arrived in London for the Uganda Constitutional talks opening last Monday. It was believed that this conference was likely to prove long and difficult, as the question of Buganda's relationship with the rest of the country was still unresolved. Preliminary discussions on Buganda's position were held at the Colonial Office last week

A MASSIVE ANTI-NUCLEAR PROTEST IN LONDON

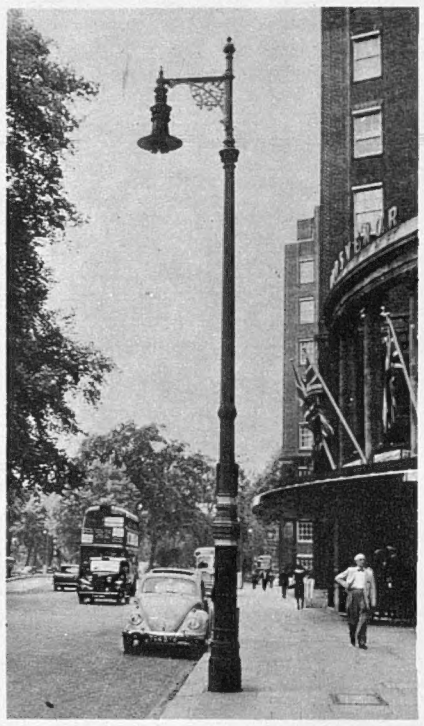
"Ban-the-bomb" demonstrators sitting in Trafalgar Square are nearly hidden by huge crowds of sympathisers and spectators. The area is cordoned off by a line of policemen. By the middle of last Sunday night over 1,300 people had been arrested, of whom 650 were released on bail. At one time during the day it was estimated that there were over 13,000 people round the Square and 3,000 policemen in the area. The demonstration was organised by the Committee of 100, which had planned a protest march to sit down in Parliament Square. This had been banned by an emergency police order. Most of the demonstrators were prevented from leaving Trafalgar Square and sat down, whereupon they were taken by police to waiting coaches and driven away. Previously, Earl Russell, O.M., was among those sentenced to prison for refusing to be bound over to keep the peace and not to insight the public at the demonstration. He was released last Monday

MEN ALOFT—WORKMEN ON THE FORTH BRIDGE IN SCOTLAND



WEST GERMAN NAVAL CADETS ON THE "GORCH FOCK" IN LONDON

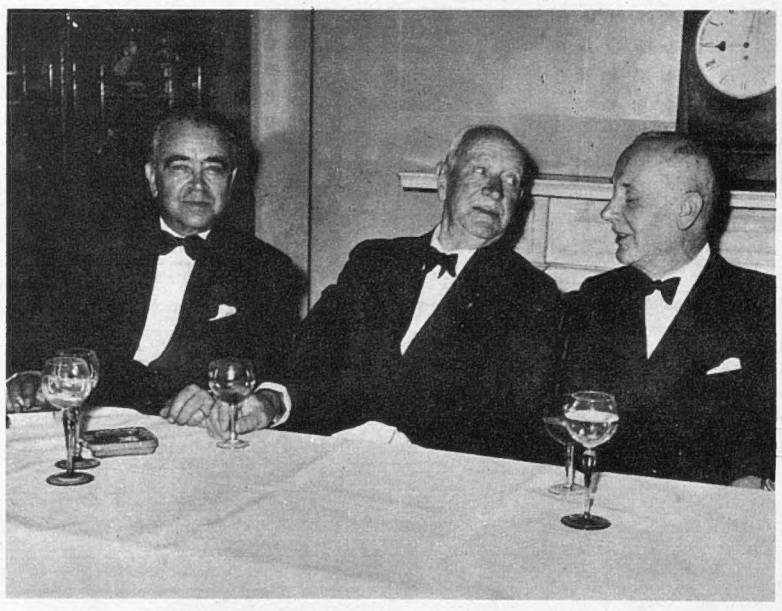
High above the Firth of Forth, riggers work on one of the catwalks linking the towers of the new road bridge being built between North and South Queensferry. The catwalks are to be used to string the suspension wires between the towers. Estimated to cost £15,000,000, the bridge should be completed towards the end of the year after next. Its overall length of 5,980 ft., will make it the longest structure of its kind in Europe and the fourth longest in the world. **Above right:** Perched in the rigging of the West German Navy's training ship *Gorch Fock*, cadets are busy unfurling sails in preparation for their vessel's departure from the Pool of London. Tower Bridge is in the background. The *Gorch Fock* had been on a courtesy visit of five days to London. Completed in 1958, she displaces 1,860 tons, has overall length of 267 ft. and carries a sail area of 21,141 sq. ft.



NEW AND OLD STYLES OF LIGHTING IN A LONDON STREET

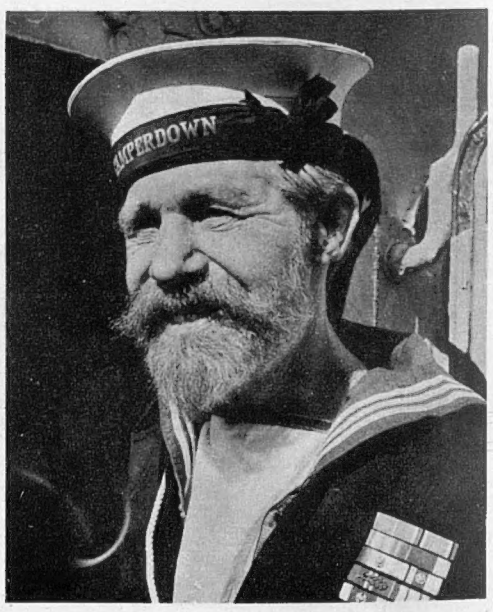
The old type lighting column is in Park Lane in London where some of the columns were installed sixty years ago. They are shortly to be replaced as part of the improvement scheme for the area. **Far left:** The composite picture shows a drawing of one of the new lighting columns imposed on a photograph of Park Lane. Extremely slender in design they will have an outside diameter of $8\frac{5}{8}$ ins. at the base which is reduced to $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins. at the top. The arms of the brackets reach out to a distance of 8 ft. 6 ins. Each of the new columns will be 40 ft. high and they will be the first installation in Britain of lamps mounted at this height. Altogether 104 of them are to be made for the improvement scheme by Stewarts and Lloyds Limited who have designed them specially to meet the requirements of the London County Council, the Westminster City Council and other authorities

Left to right: Major Biliski, President of the Polish Carpathian Association, Brigadier R.W. Tovell of Melbourne, and General Stanislaw Kopanski, who commanded the Polish Carpathian Brigade in the Desert War, are at the Anniversary Dinner of the "Rats of Tobruk" in London. Brigadier Tovell is believed to be the only surviving Australian officer of the Tobruk campaign of World War II



"RATS OF TOBRUK" ANNIVERSARY IN LONDON

Far right: Able-seaman George Parker, aged fifty-nine, the oldest seaman in the Royal Navy, is seen on the destroyer *Camperdown* at Devonport. He joined the navy as a boy, second class, in 1918. He left the ship last week to go on leave and is to retire soon



ROYAL NAVY'S OLDEST SEAMAN TO RETIRE

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SPANISH AND GREEK ROYAL FAMILIES

Don Juan Carlos, Prince of Asturias, son of the claimant to the throne of Spain, and Princess Sophia of Greece, eldest daughter of King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika are in a family group in Lausanne after the announcement of their engagement. Behind the couple are (left to right), the Prince's grandmother, ex-Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, the widow of Alfonso XIII and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria; Queen Frederika and King Paul. Don Juan Carlos is the grandson of King Alfonso, who abdicated in 1931

Right below: Vehicles carrying rocket weapons drive through the Ninth of September Square in Sofia during the military parade to commemorate the anniversary of the advent of Communist government in Bulgaria. Recent estimates give the strength of the Bulgarian Army at some 100,000 men. The air force is believed to have about 14,000 of all ranks and 150 operational aircraft, some of which are Russian MiG-15 fighters. The larger ships of the navy are former Soviet vessels

A COMMUNIST ANNIVERSARY IN BULGARIA

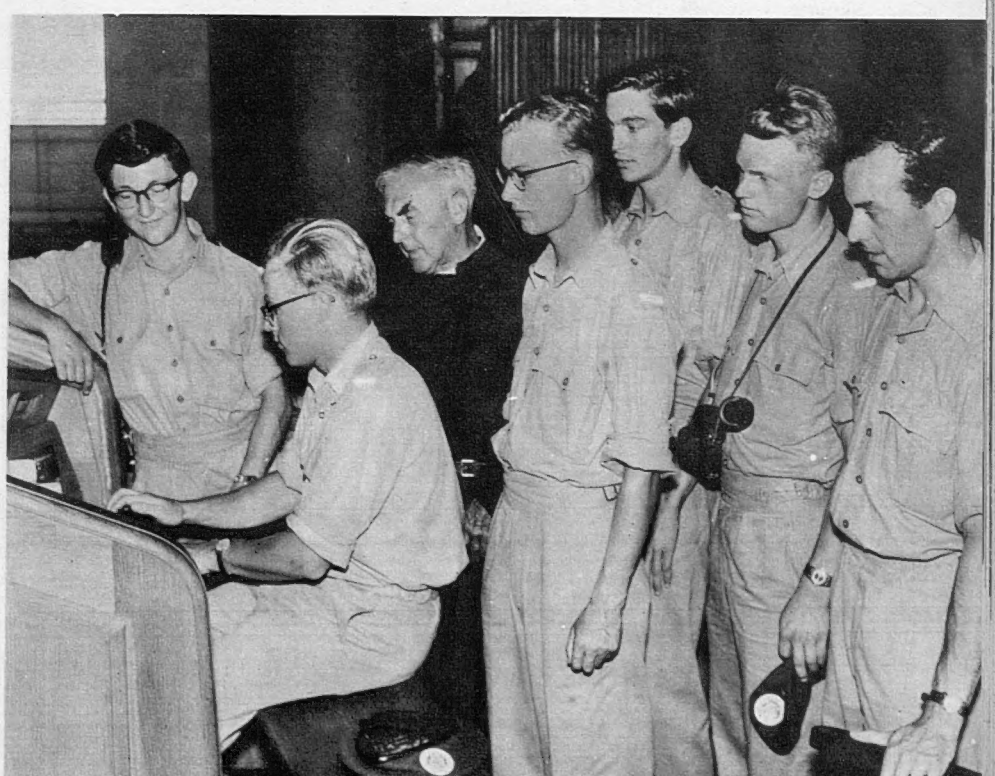
Far right: Hr. Einar Gerhardsen (right), the Norwegian Prime Minister, is greeted by a supporter of his Labour Party as he arrives to vote in Oslo. As result of the polling the Labour Party lost its overall majority in the Storting (Parliament) which it had had since 1945. Provisional figures gave Labour seventy-four seats out of a total of 150. The next largest party was the Conservatives who had twenty-nine seats, the same as in the previous Parliament

NORWEGIAN ELECTIONS

Right below: Mr. Niall Macpherson, Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade, leaves London Airport for a brief visit to Zagreb, Yugoslavia, to see the Trade Fair there. He was to go on to Czechoslovakia, to Prague and to the Trade Fair in Brno. He was expected back in London in the middle of this week

VISITOR TO TRADE FAIRS

Far right: Officer cadets of the Southampton University Air Squadron listen to their colleague, Officer Cadet R. M. Ellis of Guildford trying out the organ in the recently dedicated R.A.F. chapel in St. Paul's Anglican cathedral in Valletta, Malta. With them is Canon Colton, a dignitary of the Cathedral. The cadets were on a fifteen-day stay with the R.A.F. in Malta undergoing annual continuation training. Officers and cadets from Nottingham University and the R.A.F. Technical College at Henlow were also on the visit to the island



OFFICER CADETS IN MALTA

CONGO TRAGEDY

Mr. Conor O'Brien, the Chief United Nations Representative in Elisabethville, with Irish troops of the U.N. force

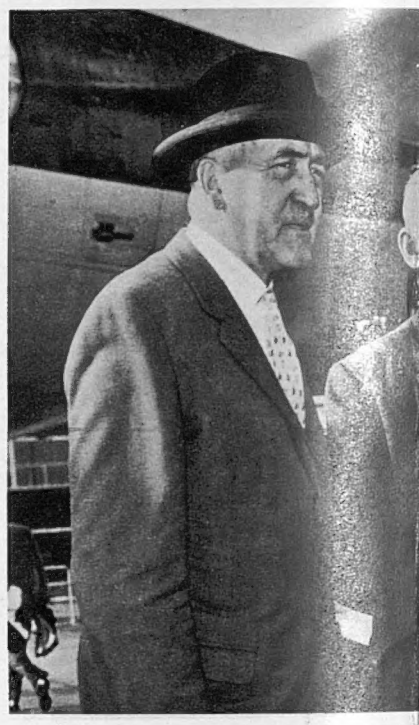
Mr. Tshombe at a Press conference

The photographs on these pages illustrate some of the immediate sequence of events leading to the tragedy of the death of Mr. Hammarskjold, who was born in 1905 and had been Secretary-General of the United Nations since 1953. The aircraft in which he crashed last Monday was taking him from Leopoldville, in Congo, to Ndola, in Northern Rhodesia, where a meeting had been arranged between him and President Tshombe of Katanga. No information was immediately available about who else was in the plane.

On the previous day the situation remained very confused in the fighting between the U.N. and President Tshombe's troops in Katanga. U.N. reinforcements were reported to be moving up from Leopoldville and Mr. Frank Aiken, the Minister for External Affairs of the Irish Republic, had flown from Dublin to investigate what was happening to the Irish contingent. Lord Lansdowne, Britain's Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had also visited Leopoldville.

Background to the events in Congo was the United Nations Security Council resolution of February 21, calling for the withdrawal of all foreign personnel in Congo not under U.N. orders and empowering the use of U.N. troops to prevent civil war. A fortnight ago anti-U.N. rioting started in Katanga. It was to stop this violence and to implement the February U.N. resolution that Mr. O'Brien, the U.N. Chief Representative, ordered his forces to take over control in Katanga.

Lord Lansdowne in Leopoldville



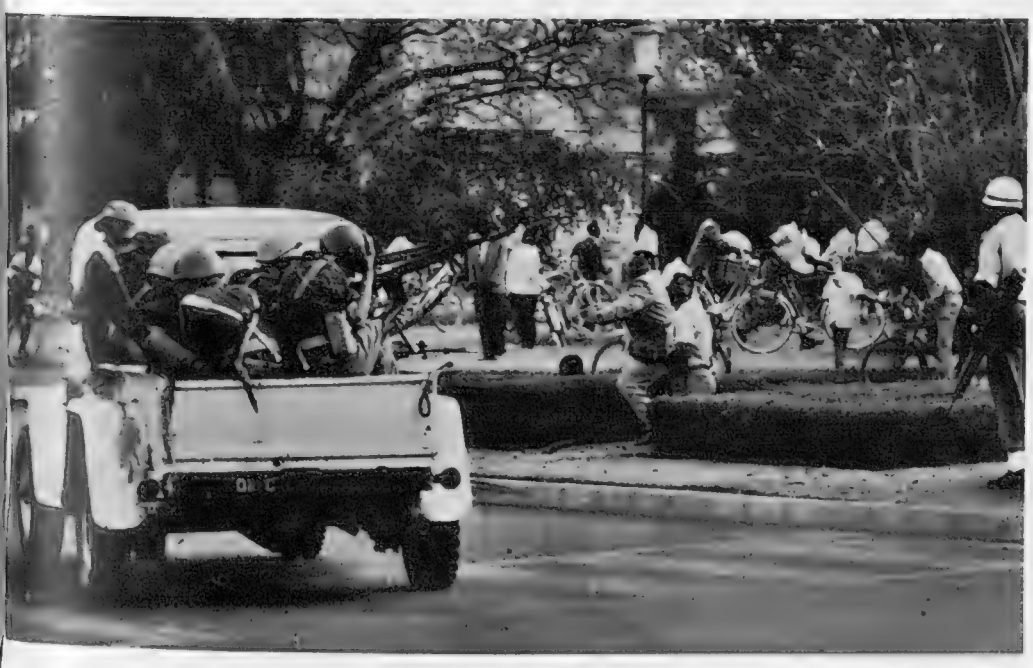
Mr. Aiken en route to Congo

Gurkha reinforcements of the Indian Army arrive in Elisabethville

Northern Rhodesian troops and planes at Ndola airport near their border with Congo

Katanga police jeeps, of which the occupants have been either killed or wounded, stand in the middle of a street in Elisabethville. The vehicles had been knocked out by U.N. fire

Rioters hurl rocks and stones at a U.N. vehicle in the Katanga capital



Steel-helmeted and armed Katanga police are also attacked by rioters

Two Europeans carry a wounded African to a Red Cross station

JOHN CONNELL

A WEIRD LOGIC

The sixteenth session of the United Nations Assembly opened last Tuesday. It has been freely forecast that there are bound to be contentious issues and stormy scenes. Some 1,000 delegates have gone to New York from ninety-nine countries (or, with four more candidates for admission, has the century now been topped?). All kinds of extremely controversial topics loom up for discussion: the Soviet Union's swift and reckless resumption of nuclear tests; the pace and scope of disarmament; the hoary old question of who represents China; colonialism, which (I am delighted to discover) is a fading drum which Mr. Nehru thought was beaten unnecessarily loudly at Belgrade; Katanga; and the powers available to the Secretary-General, and his, and his officials', use of them. Any of these can let loose an outsize rumpus, and there is little doubt that several of them will. Anybody in search of oratorical fisticuffs is, I suppose, at liberty to choose the issue on which he thinks a row to be most likely. I swither myself between nuclear tests, on which every articulate human being has (and quite rightly) strong views, and Katanga, on which I am in full agreement with Sir Roy Welensky, but about which I realise there are directly contrary opinions.

President Kennedy, we are told, will in all probability find an early chance to put the Western Powers' case in the present muddled and troubled time before a forum, the greater proportion of whose members are either opposed to, or suspicious and lukewarm about, that case. Will Mr. Khrushchev demand the right of reply? I don't see why not, judging by his recent form. In the past month he has put up an astonishing *bravura* performance. Incessant oratory, accompanied by the frequent roar and rumble of more and more nuclear tests. Is all this really in order to get his way over Berlin, or is it that he regards it as the necessary prelude to a show-down on all major issues?

David Low, with whom (obviously) I have often been in fierce disagreement, published last week a cartoon which demonstrated that he is still, when he has a theme worthy of him, by far the best living practitioner of his exacting craft. It consisted of three arrogantly challenging figures: the Kaiser in 1914, Adolf Hitler in 1939, and Mr. Khrushchev in 1961; behind each there was a shadowy sketch of his era's favourite weapon, a mighty howitzer for the Kaiser, a bomber for the Fuhrer, and an intercontinental ballistic missile for Mr. Khrushchev; over each was exactly the same legend, " No War, Pushover. The West won't stand together. Britain and France are scared off ": and underneath was Low's own brief comment: " What, Again?"

Mr. Khrushchev will, I am convinced, deeply resent being put in such company, but is he in fact making their mistake? If so, his will prove to be the most destructive illusion of all. There are indications that, inside the Soviet Union, he has failed to sustain the image of a predatory, warmongering West. But his lengthy and candid talk with Mr. Cyrus Sulzberger, *The New York Time's* indefatigably peripatetic columnist, showed clearly the main trends of his current thinking. At bottom, he would like to do a tough, horse-trading deal with the United States, which would designate " spheres of influence," in the grand old *machtpolitik* fashion. The other principal Western Powers —Britain, France and Italy—he dismisses contemptuously as hostages in his own grip, a concept which made Mr. Watkinson, the British Minister of Defence, utter some firm and solemn words at Woking. Britons, Mr. Watkinson rightly believes, never, never shall be slaves.

President Kennedy with Presidents Sukarno and Keita on their arrival in the U.S. with the Neutrals' message

Mr. Khrushchev told Mr. Sulzberger that, although he wanted a summit meeting with Mr. Kennedy, and although the Soviet Union would never start a war (which would be bound to be thermo-nuclear), he was determined that there must be no moratorium on atmospheric tests until there is world disarmament, that France must stop her tests, and that he would produce several 100-megaton bombs in order to warn off would-be aggressors.

Tough talking, accompanied by tough action. By the middle of last week the number of Russian nuclear tests recorded by the outside world was nearing double figures. There has been a noticeable increase of radiation in the atmosphere in Alaska and Northern Canada, although nothing like the danger point has yet been reached. How long is Mr. Khrushchev going to keep up this pressure? It is only prudent to assume that he will go on until he gets what he wants. This is, of course, negotiation under duress. The sooner, I think, that we all get it into our heads that this is how and why we are negotiating, the better, though I concede Mr. Gaitskell's point that talks on West Berlin should not be regarded as a surrender.

Mr. Khrushchev, however, is convinced that he must only negotiate from strength; his nuclear tests are an open—if risky—demonstration of that strength; and, as Mr. Sulzberger phrased it in his own assessment of his conversation with the Russian Premier, he believes that logic is on his side, both the logic of history and the logic of power.

American military scientists are searching grimly for an answer within that framework of logic. They think that it may be found in the neutron bomb. Professor Freeman Dyson, of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, has indicated the probable effectiveness of a neutron bomb in these terms: if heavy hydrogen could react with itself, one gram could in principle give five times the lethal dose of radiation to anybody within the radius of one kilometre. Professor Dyson argues that technically the neutron bomb would be a symptom of a further general advance of nuclear technology and politically it would be (for America) the symbol of military power in the eyes of the world.

Personally, I concur with the Washington correspondent of *The Times* who observed laconically: " It is a weird logic." One becomes more conscious of the weirdness of it as the weeks go by. Why should Lord and Lady Russell, Mr. Robert Bolt, Mr. Arnold Wesker, and a good many other ardent unilateralists persuade themselves that to turn justice into a farce, exhaust the Metropolitan police and embarrass the Government are legitimate methods of " bringing home to people the folly of the nuclear armament policy "? There is nobody in this country who is not just as deeply concerned about a nuclear war as these eminent persons who languish (or have lately finished languishing) in gaol, for having broken a statute of 1361, intended to prevent armed men from wandering about England and committing disorders.

Mr. Arnold Wesker observed when sentenced: " I consider this a political summons and this case is a political case, and because you persist in not allowing people to make political statements I seriously doubt your, or this court's, competence to do real justice." The weirdness of the logic of these words, and of the cry " Fascism," uttered when Mr. Reece imposed a two-month term on Lord Russell (later changed on medical grounds to seven days), almost defies analysis. It is sad that people of such proven talent and sincerity can get themselves into so ridiculous a mental muddle.

Admittedly the politicians and some, at least, of their scientific and military advisers are in just as inextricable a tangle. Perhaps we all are—or nearly all. Last March I listened to a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution on " Operational Research and Nuclear Weapons," by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, who, with Sir Henry Tizard, was a principal originator of operational research in World War II. Most of the lecture was a brilliant and relentless exposition of the fallacies underlying much of what nowadays masquerades as operational research, including the " balance of terror. "

In March we were in the middle of the " holiday " from nuclear tests. Professor Blackett pointed out that the United States had had, before the " holiday," 170 tests to the Russians' 60, and said that he was wary of any attempts to prove that there would be great military value in further tests by other countries. Military value, yes; but what about propaganda—political warfare—value?

But I think we can be both braced and sobered by Professor Blackett's conclusion that the least likely danger is a deliberate nuclear attack by a responsible Government; the menace lies in " the confused actions of well-meaning people overwhelmed by complex technological and human frailties "; and we can echo his earnest plea for rapid progress with arms limitation and control. Logic we need, but it must be the logic of sanity.

Dr. E. M. Milner-White, the Dean of York, leads Dr. Donald Coggan by the hand to his enthronement as Archbishop of York. The ancient chair in which he was installed has been used for centuries for enthronement ceremonies. A congregation of 3,000 included twenty-four bishops, 300 clergy and the civic heads of fourteen northern cities and towns. In his sermon, the Archbishop spoke of the need for preaching the Gospel in a way relevant to the 1960s and emphasised the urgency for a more international outlook among churchgoers

ENTHRONEMENT IN THE MINSTER OF YORK

At the start of the enthronement service Dr. Coggan takes the oath on the Anglo-Saxon copy of the Gospels. **Left:** After being enthroned he gives the blessing from the High Altar

b

Caroline Northey, of the Beaufort Hunt team, on Vanessa at fence No. 4 in the Cross-Country Team Championships in the Pony Club Horse Trials at Burley-on-the-Hill, near Oakham, Rutland

A fire-fighting system installed at Waddesdon Manor, Ayles- 50-h.p. Perkins Mars Baby gas turbine seen in the centre

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

GOOD NEWS? One day (and I fondly hope before I die) the Press and radio will find, and be compelled to headline, a piece of *good news*. They will class it as a great rarity deserving a banner headline like " Man Bites Dog." For too long " Dog Bites Man " has been our bitter portion. How that piece of good news will break, I cannot guess. Not, I suppose, from any human agency, not as a result of wisdom and prudence and restraint exercised by the common man or his leaders. More likely, God will grow bored with the everlasting bungling and tragedy which bedevils the lives of men He made in His image and will toss us something to our advantage and see what we make of it. Meanwhile . . . how do you react to our daily, hourly, catalogue of calamity broadcast in headlines and news bulletins? Much as I do, I expect. Death in the air, death on the tracks, death from typhoon, death from assassination, violent crime, violent threats, and, over all, the shadow of global death from nuclear explosion and fall-out. Is it possible that we are so " pickled " with tragic news that when that piece of good news comes we shall find it insipid and rather disappointing; that we shall feel cheated of our daily thrills and the satisfaction we derive from having personally or indirectly escaped the latest danger? It may prove so. Our own leaders take all these matters so coolly that I suspect they, too, fear the effect of a piece of good news on a nation which has never had it so good in sensation and flesh-creeping. A nation-wide demand: " Give us back our seven days of calamitous thrills " is a possibility no government can disregard. Governments cannot afford to ration our circuses.

BAN THE BOMB. There is so much muddle in the world that muddled thinking on most of the chief issues is not surprising. We may accept it as certain at least that no man, woman or child outside the mental hospitals of civilisation desires to live under the threat of total destruction or a painful, certain, lingering death. If that be granted, it is quite reasonable to say that Lord Russell, Canon Collins and their friends are beating the air, preaching to the converted and vainly suffering discomfort and ridicule with their supine gestures. But, first it must be proved that they are seeking to convert world statesmen and people all over the world to the view that the H-bomb is a *bad thing*. If that were proved, all of them are convicted of major lunacy. But that is not their objective. Their objective is more precise and less sweeping. As a start they, and Mr. Cousins, too, want Britain to have no further part in this crime against humanity, and, by unilateral rejection, to set an example to the big criminals in the Christian model. The big criminals, of course, are not ruthless criminals but frightened men. In their opinion, the more frightful the bomb which they can produce, the less the chance of anyone daring to use it. Russia's decision to resume tests has already had a great influence on public opinion, alike on the question of British unilateralism and of who bears the chief responsibility for the resumption of the death-race. Mr. Cousins has been hooted out of court and (for what it be worth) a massive opinion poll taken in Britain, the U.S.A. and India has revealed startling differences of opinion as to the responsibility for Russia's decision and as to the reasons which led Mr. Khrushchev to make it. In Britain one out of two who were quizzed and made a serious reply attributed some share of the blame to the U.S.A.'s panic counter-measures, while clues to Mr. Khrushchev's personal reasons encompassed political pressure within Russia, a stark determination to dominate the world by force and a further effort to bluff us out of our stand on Berlin. Just as muddled and not less distracting is public opinion on the question of defence against nuclear war. So far from it giving the certainty of total destruction or agonising, lingering death to all humanity, the Civil Defence authorities, whipping up vainly for C.D. recruits, assure us that, if we take proper precautions in advance, the chances of our survival are not bad at all. The total annihilation of the human race is all bunkum. If, therefore, you and I seem sometimes curiously apathetic about this fearful problem and still take a current interest in our everyday and transient little hobbies, watch cricket and football, build rockeries, plant bulbs and follow the daily movements of our Equities on 'Change, we have some colour of excuse. We must occupy our minds in the dentist's waiting-room before our turn comes. So we read old *Punches*, which give us a healthier laugh than does the record of the efforts of world statesmen to solve this particular problem over sixteen years.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD. The T.U.C. looks back on the Portsmouth conference with some satisfaction. Some of that satisfaction was shared outside the ranks of Labour. The E.T.U. was expelled as a result of Communist sharp practices, and if that Union has learned the lessons taught in the Law Courts and at Portsmouth and can achieve a fair election at the coming E.T.U. poll, whatever the result, I presume, it can apply, when it wants it, to return to the fold. The conference also " closed its ranks " by knocking unilateralism for six. But outside the ranks of Labour there is little else to cause satisfaction, in matters in the external or domestic field. The T.U.C. did not totally reject co-operation with the Chancellor in his appeal for a " pause," but it clearly showed its distaste for what it regarded as an allocation of the lion's share of sacrifice to Labour. Perhaps it could do no more than express a reluctant willingness to wait and see while implications on the Common Market are clarified. But the highest hopes of this conference, outside the ranks of Labour, were set

bury, is demonstrated in the grounds. The delivers 500 gallons of water per minute

The new Colours, having been presented by Field-Marshal Sir Francis Festing to the 7th Battalion, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers (Territorial Army), are paraded in the grounds of Alnwick Castle

Field-Marshal Festing presents the new Colours

on serious attention to problems of domestic discipline and order. For unofficial strikes, redundancy questions, restrictive practices and jealousies and rivalry between unions and specialists within unions have for years bedevilled productivity and lost us markets we cannot afford to lose. If these are not first priority problems for the T.U.C., then urgency has no meaning for the T.U.C., and it will be content to paper its attics and paint its façade while leaving its foundations to dry-rot. Perhaps Miss Godwin, the new chairman, who looks both wise and benevolent, will keep prominently before the unions the housewife's view of domestic priorities. " United we stand," if we have something to stand on.

A " PAUSE " WHICH WOULD PROFIT US. The Chancellor's " pause " in wage demands does not seem either to please (or to cover) everybody. A more popular " pause " is perhaps worth suggesting. Why not ask the Press and the B.B.C. to accept a " pause " in public faces? It would be a relief to me. For years past, day after day, hour after hour, the faces of public men, world leaders (as they are called), have been inset in the newspapers or thrown on the screen, usually in violent declamation; and violent orators very seldom look their best or contribute to that climate of harmony and restraint which the world badly needs today. Moreover, these constant reproductions of the faces of coloured " leaders " have failed in their objective of easy identification. For my part, I am as muddled as ever I was about the name and particular local form of " sovereignty " to be attached to each of these dark faces which look so much alike, in moods of anger, to the uninitiated. But there is no colour prejudice in my idea. I would like the " pause " in facial photography to cover every shade of complexion from ivory to ebony. I would include British union chiefs and politicians of all parties; statesmen on both sides of the Iron Curtain; prize-fighters and pacifists, and all sorts and conditions of men and women who advertise themselves or their objectives from the soap-box or the rostrum. The " pause " would do us good. The human face is capable of looking kindly and even wise, as well as handsome. Modern photography is very good, perhaps too efficient when it depicts faces by no means in repose. And when lips are spouting violence or self-advertisement, photography can be an instrument of hate and fear and ugliness, which leads us to ask if the human face has any agreeable virtue left to it. It may launch a thousand ships or bombs; it can collect a mob to do violence; it may shift a few votes one way or another; but we have seen too much of it in recent years and hardly ever at its best; for example, a mother smiling down at her infant. " *Incipe, parve puer, matrem cognoscere risu.*" Public faces as depicted in the Press and on radio do not encourage a smile of joyful recognition in *this* child. They make me squeal.

THE DISTANT PROSPECT. We have " tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky " and now, in the natural course of the seasons, the darker days are coming and we must look forward, I suppose, to the unpleasant mixture as before. Cold war and crisis, crime and money-grubbing and all the futile little devices of an outworn " Establishment " to build us up again with worn-out tools. We all sigh for a change for the better; a change of *any* kind would be better. The two major parties have tried and failed us for too many decades, and we would welcome a new party which could try to restore to politics some sense of value beyond mere talk, some expectation of results, some determination to purge us of our vices. The sun of Liberalism climbs slow, how slowly, though climb it does. But at the present rate of progress, years must pass before it could recruit from its sitting members enough names to fill even Cabinet offices, irrespective of ability. Jo Grimond, when he launches the Liberal campaign at Edinburgh, may look forward to increasing the paid-up membership of the Party to 400,000. Perhaps he will do that, and better. Perhaps he will manage to have 160 Liberal candidates adopted for the next election. They have fought all by-elections in the last year, save only south-east Bristol, and their polls have risen to 25 per cent. from 16 per cent at the last General Election. Quite hopeful, but hope terribly deferred. Meanwhile, Jo Grimond (notably in *Today*) hurls his coconuts and picks his Aunt Sallys, perhaps rather shrewdly avoiding the Sallys fixed on the stiffest poles. True, he has his five-year plan for improving the national economy, a " national incomes " policy, a planning commission and a root-and-branch reform of the taxation system. But he feels he is on surer ground in attacking the " Establishment," and indeed it is an Aunt Sally tottering on its rotten stick, yet for ever dodging the missiles: " *Snobocracy—the stranglehold on Britain.*" Too much worship of Royalty, too many knighthoods for Tory M.P.s, ridiculously inflated Honours Lists, too much privilege for the " right people " (as Edwardians regarded them) to direct industry and administrative posts. He sees no reason why the Liberals should not create a " new class-less climate," in education, in industry, in society. " The ' Establishment ' is still dressed up for Ascot in grey toppers; still believes that the unreformed House of Lords is a serious political institution." I agree with him, of course. This particular Aunt Sally is an obvious target for beginners. Jo Grimond says the break-through could come. What will trigger it off? For the answer we must wait until next week's instalment. And, perhaps, much longer.

THE OLD STAGER

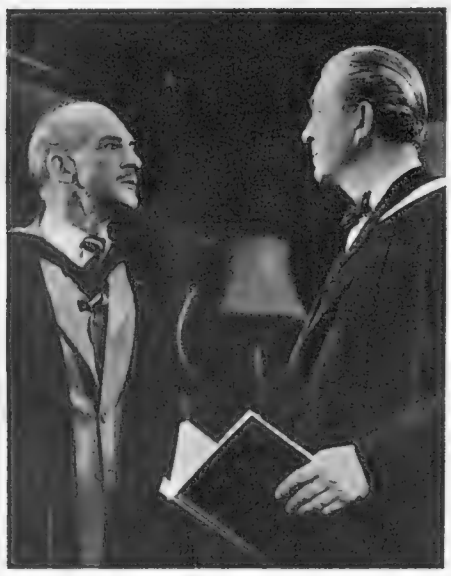
ENTERTAINMENT

THE AFFAIR

at the Strand Theatre

Adapted by Ronald Millar from the novel by Sir Charles Snow, the play is set in the closed, academic atmosphere of a Cambridge College. It deals with the dismissal of Donald Howard, a young science don, because of the discovery of a faked photograph in his thesis. The action is mainly concerned with the Combination Room of the College, where a new Master is soon to be elected. Emotionally-charged cross-currents of professional jealousy and collegiate pride are aroused, with political witch-hunting thrown in for good measure. Further complications arise when Howard finally blames his late mentor, a much venerated Fellow of the College, who has recently died. Sir Lewis Eliot, a former Fellow turned lawyer, who features prominently in the other novels in the *Strangers and Brothers* series, is among the young man's defenders. *The Affair* is directed by Harold French and presented by Henry Sherek. It is the first of Sir Charles Snow's novels to be adapted for the stage.

Eliot (John Clements) talks to Mrs. Howard (Dorothy Alison) and Tom Orbell (Ian Shand). The steward is Robert Walker



Nightingale, the Bursar of the college (Alec Copley), and Eliot

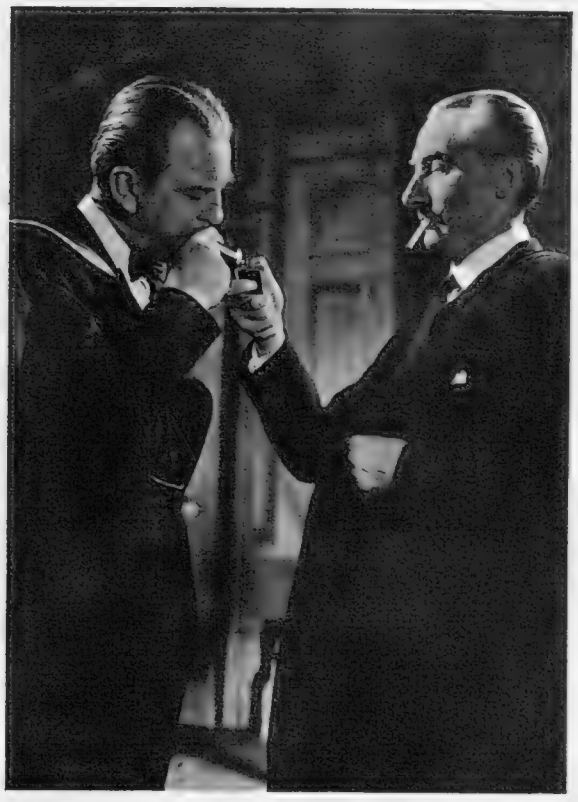
Howard (Alan Dobie) is questioned by Gilbert Dawson-Hill, Q.C. (Richard Hurndall)

Arthur Brown, the Senior Tutor (David Horne), gives his frank opinion of Howard to Eliot

Laura Howard with her husband. **Right:** Skeffington (Michael Atkinson), standing at left, the Master, Crawford (Kynaston Reeves), sitting in foreground, Eliot, Orbell and Nightingale

Above: Ince (Basil Moss) bids goodnight to the sleeping Gay (Harold Scott). Skeffington, Eliot, Winslow (Gerald Cross) and Martin Eliot (Peter Howell) look on

Eliot shows a vital piece of evidence to Brown, Winslow, Crawford and Nightingale



Eliot chats with Dawson-Hill as the play draws to a close

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

Mr. M. R. Lake, the New Zealand Finance Minister, leads the cheers of the workmen who have taken part in the topping-out ceremony on New Zealand House, in London

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand celebrates the Centenary of its Meteorological Service.

One hundred years ago was born, in very humble circumstances, the organisation which has grown into the New Zealand Meteorological Service of today, with its great networks of observing and reporting stations stretching from sub-Antarctic Campbell Island to the Equator and far to the east of the International Date Line.

Unofficial private observations of temperature, wind and weather, are on record as having been made at Auckland by Dr. Ernst Dieffenbach as early as 1840, but it was not until 1861 that the first attempt at tabulation of records on a New Zealand-wide scale was undertaken by one who most certainly was at home with figures—the Auditor-General, Dr. Charles Knight. In the early days there was no thought of using weather observations for forecasting purposes. This had to await the development of telegraphic communication in the Colony, and it was not until 1874 that Captain Robert Edwin was appointed by the Marine Department to organise a system of weather forecasting and storm warnings for the benefit of shipping.

The Meteorological Service of today has a permanent staff of some 240 people. Of these, about fifty are professional meteorologists employed in forecasting, climatology and research. Other staff members are mainly meteorological observers who maintain and operate comprehensive weather reporting facilities in all areas under New Zealand administration and control. In this task they are assisted by voluntary part-time observers whose reports help to fill gaps in the basic network provided by regular meteorological service staff.

The most rapid development of the service has taken place in the past twenty-five years, spurred by the requirements of the Second World War and the expansion of civil aviation. The area of New Zealand's responsibility has also expanded and, in addition to the New Zealand-administered Cook and Tokelau groups, the service has executive control of meteorology in Fiji, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Tonga and Samoa. One field in which spectacular progress has been made is in our knowledge of the upper atmosphere. This knowledge led to the discovery of the existence of high altitude " jet streams " or strong concentrations of wind and to a recognition of the powerful influences they exert on the day-to-day weather of the Australia-New Zealand region. The slow changes which take place in these powerful air currents may also provide clues leading to a better knowledge of persistent trends and the incidence of abnormal seasons.

Jets of wind flowing at middle atmospheric levels have been found particularly suitable for the application of electronic calculating machines to the prediction of future weather patterns. Such numerical computing machines have already been used by the New Zealand Meteorological Service to predict the state of the atmosphere at some future time, and this work is expected to expand considerably in the future. Although most of the developments in New Zealand meteorology have been in the fields of physical and dynamical meteorology, weather analysis and their applications to forecasting, there have been other advances. In climatology, much has been done in applying climatic data to agricultural problems, engineering design, irrigation and the surveying of water resources for hydro-electricity.

The networks of rainfall and climatological stations have been extended, and many such stations now operate in conjunction with field experiments in agriculture, soil conservation and forestry. As a further aid to agriculture, continuous recordings of incoming solar radiation are being taken. As New Zealand's Meteorological Service begins its second 100 years, recent progress, particularly in research, can be expected to continue at a greatly-accelerated pace. Among the factors which will play a major part in this advance will be the availability of electronic computers and the entirely new source of world-wide observational data from meteorological satellites.

INDIA

" Talks not Tests "—Mr. Nehru on the Crisis in Human History.

The Belgrade Conference of uncommitted nations was an historic one, especially in view of its proximity to the opening of the United Nations General Assembly this week. Non-aligned leaders of various hues gathered in the Yugoslav capital to express their opinions on the cold war clouds which hang ominously over the world. Mr. Nehru's Crisis-in-Human-History speech stole the limelight.

He regretted the resumption of nuclear tests by the U.S.S.R. He demanded that the Big Powers negotiate a settlement of the crises threatening to plunge the world into a third World War. He said that colonialism and imperialism were somewhat secondary issues as compared to the present world crisis. Humanity, he said, was in danger. First things, he said, must come first. The question of war and peace hung in the balance. The only way to solve the deadlock was by complete disarmament, which was an absolute necessity for the world of the future. He was surprised that the great powers had taken rigid, inflexible attitudes. Negotiations held the key to resolving the deadlock.

He warned the delegates against getting involved in a morass of detail. The conference, he said, should not issue any mandate or denounce anyone as it might evoke sharp reactions and prevent negotiations. What was important was that the Big Powers should be given a broad indication of the thinking of millions of people represented at the conference. Non-aligned powers could exert their moral pressure in winning the Big Powers to the path of peace.

The communique issued at the end of the conference contained all that Mr. Nehru had urged the meeting to do. It reaffirmed the absolute necessity of negotiations between President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev. He, himself, carried the message of the conference to the Russian leader in Moscow. Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana went with him. The talks in the Soviet capital between Mr. Nehru and Mr. Khrushchev were reported to have been " frank and cordial "—a hackneyed phrase, but significant. The communique issued afterwards spoke of the agreement of Mr. Nehru with the Chairman that the facts of the existence of German states at present could not be ignored and that any attempt to change the frontiers would have dangerous consequences. Mr. Nehru stressed the imperative need for finding a solution to the German problem by negotiations by all the parties concerned.

He also emphasised that general and complete disarmament under strict and effective international control was the most important question facing the world today. He drew Mr. Khrushchev's attention to the fact that the U.N. General Assembly had already passed a resolution to this effect. The Government and the people of India, he said, had always been opposed to tests of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons.

The non-aligned nations hope that their message to Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kennedy would serve to thaw the present stalemate. Mr. Nehru is now back at home. He will make his trip to the U.S.A. for talks with Mr. Kennedy in November. On his way, he is expected to stop for a while in London. The final programme of this visit has still to be drawn up. Mr. Nehru has expressed his conviction and hope that there will be no third World War. He is hopeful that U.S. and Soviet leaders will shortly sit around a table to sort out their differences. The fate of the world depends on the success of these negotiations. Talks and not Tests hold the key to the future of the world.

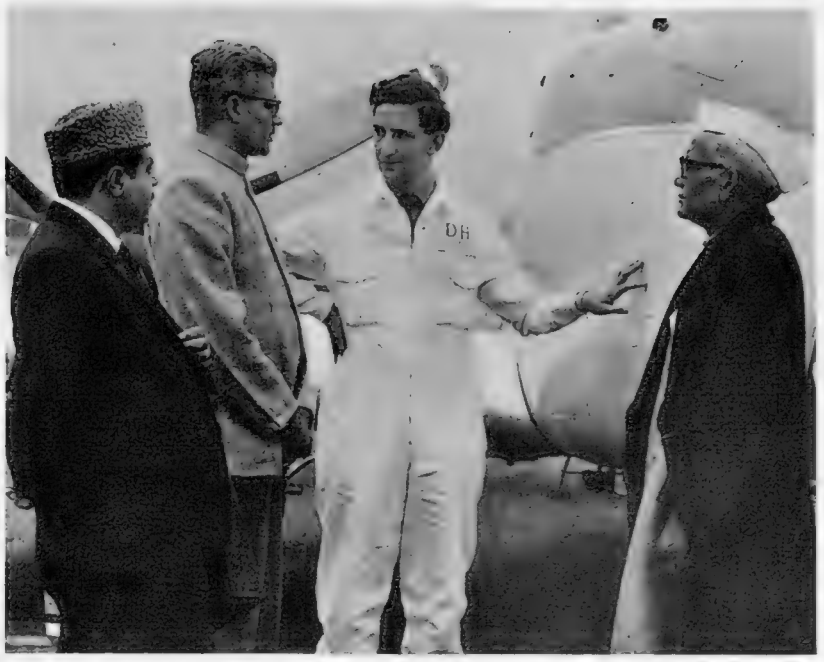
The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

WEALTH

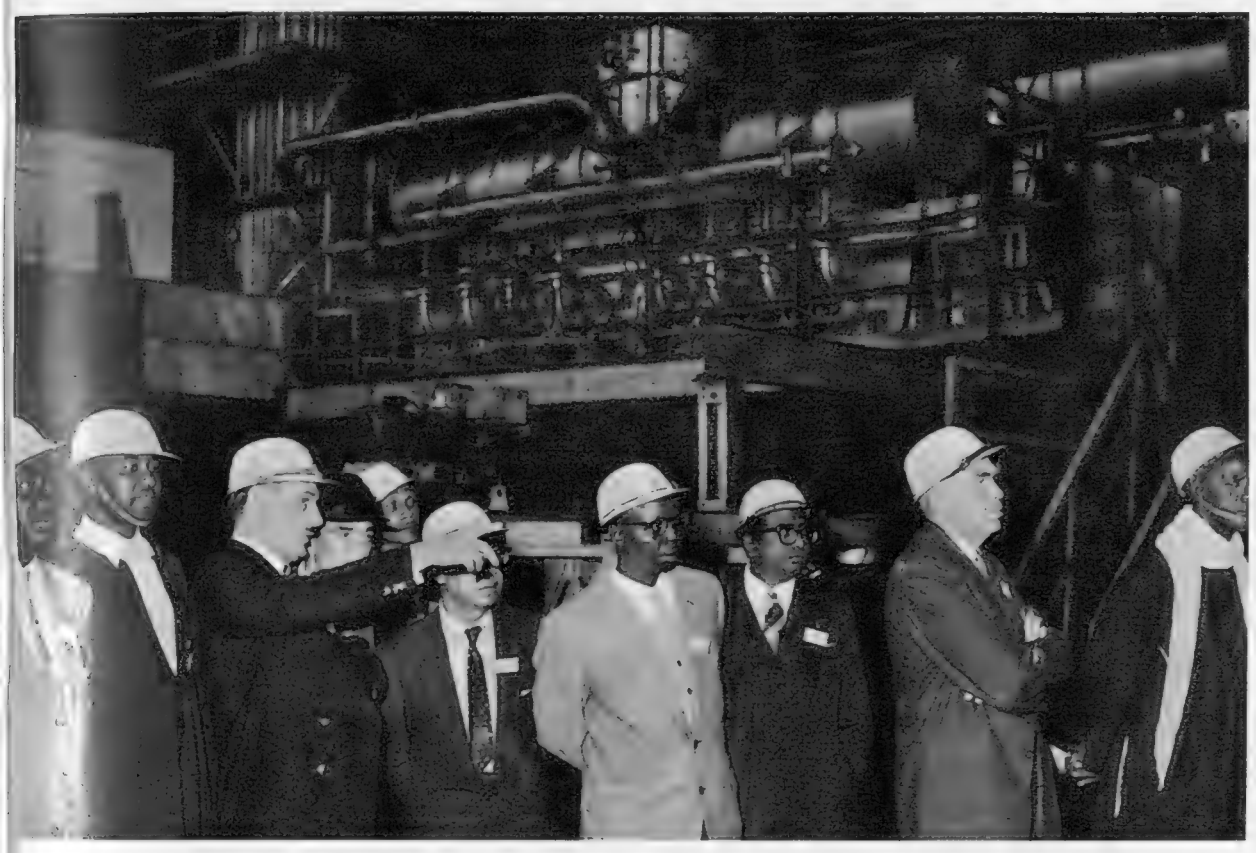
COMMONWEALTH M.P.s IN BRITAIN

The delegates to the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference and Visit are returning from their tours of Great Britain to London this weekend. The Queen will formally open the Sessions of the Conference in Westminster Hall on Monday next, September 25.

In the past three weeks, the Commonwealth Parliamentarians have been touring the British Isles. Places visited include Jersey, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh, York, South Wales, the Black Country, Stratford-on-Avon, and Northern Ireland. This is the seventh conference of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association which was founded in 1911 from a suggestion made by the late L. S. Amery, at the time of the Coronation of George V.



Three Indian delegates to the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference, Mr. A. M. Tariq, Mr. R. N. Mirdha, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and Mr. Deoki Bibhab, of Uttar Pradesh, talk to a technician on their visit to the Farnborough Air Show



Commonwealth Parliamentarians visit the Margam Steel Works in Wales. This was part one of two tours of Britain for delegates prior to the opening of the Conference next week

Mrs. Cecilia Bukari (Ghana) and Mrs. E. E. McMillan (New Zealand) visit a colliery in South Wales

Mr. Harold Shearman (chairman of the L.C.C.) and his wife talk to Mr. J. R. Jayawardene of Ceylon and Enche Ibrahim bin Abdul Rahman of Malaya

Right : Visiting Jersey are from left : Dr. Lim Swee Aun (Malaya), Mr. Macfarlane (New Zealand), Mrs. du Feu (Jersey), Mr. Ibrahim Jobe (Gambia), Mr. du Feu (Jersey), Mr. Corlett (Isle of Man), Mr. MacKoy (British Honduras), Mr. Ong Kee Hui (Sarawak), Alhaji Kabiru Bayero (Nigeria), Senator Rumfitt (Jersey), Mr. Fletcher (Jamaica), Mr. Chikwendu (Nigeria), Enche Ibrahim (Malaya)

LOOKING OVER BERLIN'S WALL

By George Gretton

A fortnight ago I was looking over the wall from West Berlin into East Berlin when I was accosted by a young man, armed with a rifle and fixed bayonet. He tried to drive me away and hit at me with a rubber truncheon. My first instinct was to call a policeman, but then I realised that it was a policeman, an East Berlin one, whom I was dealing with. This incident epitomises what has been happening in Berlin since the barriers were put up on August 13th.

Berliners are notoriously phlegmatic: they are often likened to Londoners. At the moment thay have much to be phlegmatic about, with a quarter of their city suddenly hived off and separated from them by walls and barbed wire entanglements. The West Berliners take it calmly. A few are thinking of moving westwards, but to the great majority of them the idea of living anywhere but in Berlin would never occur.

They have their personal worries. There is the longer-term fear that if the Western Powers abandoned them they would at once be annexed by the Communists, and share the fate of their countrymen in the East Sector and Zone. More immediate is the worry about friends and relations on the other side of the wall. In many cases these are parents or grand-parents living over there in straitened circumstances, while the younger generation are earning good money in West Berlin and have been in the habit of helping out by taking over a joint of meat on Sundays, a pound of butter when butter is scarce in East Germany and the various other things which make the difference between penury and comfort.

This can no longer be done. It is not even possible for the divided families to meet, and there are pathetic scenes where families come to shout and wave at each other across the canal or the fortifications. The Communist police try to stop this fraternisation, but you can hear a woman shouting: " Uncle Heinz, two o'clock, Sunday," and old Uncle Heinz is duly produced at two o'clock to smile and wave. The frontier twists and turns. There are some houses in East Berlin facing onto West Berlin streets, which cannot be patrolled by Communist police. Entrance and lower-floor windows to West Berlin are blocked and wired up. But people determined on freedom throw ropes from upper windows and escape down them into the West.

Apart from these human considerations, West Berlin is little affected by the division. Its economy is up to normal West European standards, partly through assistance from the Federal Republic. On the Communist side of the barriers the problems are far greater. There are the old people who can no longer obtain their comforts from their relations in West Berlin. There are children from East Berlin who were attending school in West Berlin, and are no longer allowed out. They will have to start again in a different system, in which education is subordinated to political training. Incidentally, in Germany the school term runs through August, so that these children were prevented from attending school from one day to the next. Then the 100,000 or so " Grenzgänger " (those living in East Berlin and working in the West) have to find employment at much lower real wages in Eastern Germany. Many of them have already been conscripted into the armed forces.

An East Berlin policeman, armed with rifle and bayonet, patrols the border

Workers and salary-earners in East Berlin are also affected in minor ways. Until August 13, they could go into West Berlin, where the shops have everything to sell. They could change their East Marks at 5 to 1 West Marks and still buy many things which are unobtainable in East Berlin, and also goods of much better quality and value. A pair of shoes, for instance, in East Berlin costs about 60 East Marks. This is equivalent to 12 West Marks, but the shoes are made of substitute leather badly worked, and will last for only a few months. In West Berlin, for 20 West Marks, or 100 East Marks, they could buy a pair of well-made

(*Continued on page 460*)

The shabby world of East Berlin

In thriving West Berlin traffic crowds a crossing on the Kürfürstendam

The successful conclusion to a dramatic escape to freedom. Ropes and a ladder have helped escapers to climb down from the upper windows overlooking West Berlin of a house which is on the East-West border

The Teltow Canal, seen from the West Berlin side, divides the city

On the right-hand side of the wall is East Berlin. On the left side the large shield has been erected by the West Berlin authorities to prevent East Berlin police seeing what is happening on the West side

A photograph which illustrates the human pathos of the divided city. West Berliners wave to their relatives and friends on the other side of the wall

LOOKING OVER BERLIN'S WALL

(*Continued from page 458*)

leather shoes which would last four or five times as long as the Eastern ones, and would guarantee dry feet in rain.

Apart from these opportunities of good quality shopping, there was the opportunity of being able to go over and buy a Western newspaper or magazine and read undoctored news, or indeed of being able to escape briefly to sanity. All these safety-valves are now closed.

The major factor, however, is the nature of the East German Communist regime. It is a dictatorship imposed by Moscow on an alien population, and it is being administered by the elements of the population which served Hitler in his time. Khrushchev, like a skilful conjuror, has slipped the wrong card into his audience's hand. He has kept up a lively patter about a revival of Nazism in Western Germany, where there is no such thing, while using typically Nazi elements to impose his dictatorship in Eastern Germany.

Anyone who goes into the Soviet Sector from West Berlin is struck at once by two things. First, it is a different and shabbier world. Apart from the Stalinallee—a classic example of grandiose jerry-building which is already covered in cracks—there seems to have been no reconstruction at all. The only things that have had a fresh coat of paint since 1945 are the slogans, calling on the citizenry to fight for peace in the most military terms.

The shabbiness, however, is only superficial. What strikes a visitor from a civilised country more profoundly is that there is no civil police. Order is maintained by the military forces, which are partly conscripted and partly voluntary. The Armed Police (Bereitschaftspolizei) are a part of the so-called People's Army. They are mainly conscripts. (There is no official conscription in East Germany, but when a young man wants to go to the University, or acquire any other sort of professional or industrial training, he is compelled to " volunteer " for the People's Army and serve three or four years as a preliminary condition.)

The conscripted police are supplemented by a militia, called the Kampfgruppen, or Battle Groups, recruited from party members in the factories. These are extraordinarily reminiscent of Hitler's S.A. They wear a similar uniform and they look the same types—social misfits who can only assert themselves when they are in groups which can dominate ordinary citizens by organised force. The genuinely volunteer elements in the Armed Police are similar, and to anyone who knew Hitler's Germany in 1933 or 1934 there is a frightening resemblance.

As police, these people are utterly inefficient. I watched two of them trying to direct about a dozen cars down a simple diversion. It took them five minutes. These people are not trained in genuine police duties. Their purpose is to terrorise the civil population, and to man the barricades to prevent the population from escaping, even if they have to kill them in the process. They are in effect concentration camp guards.

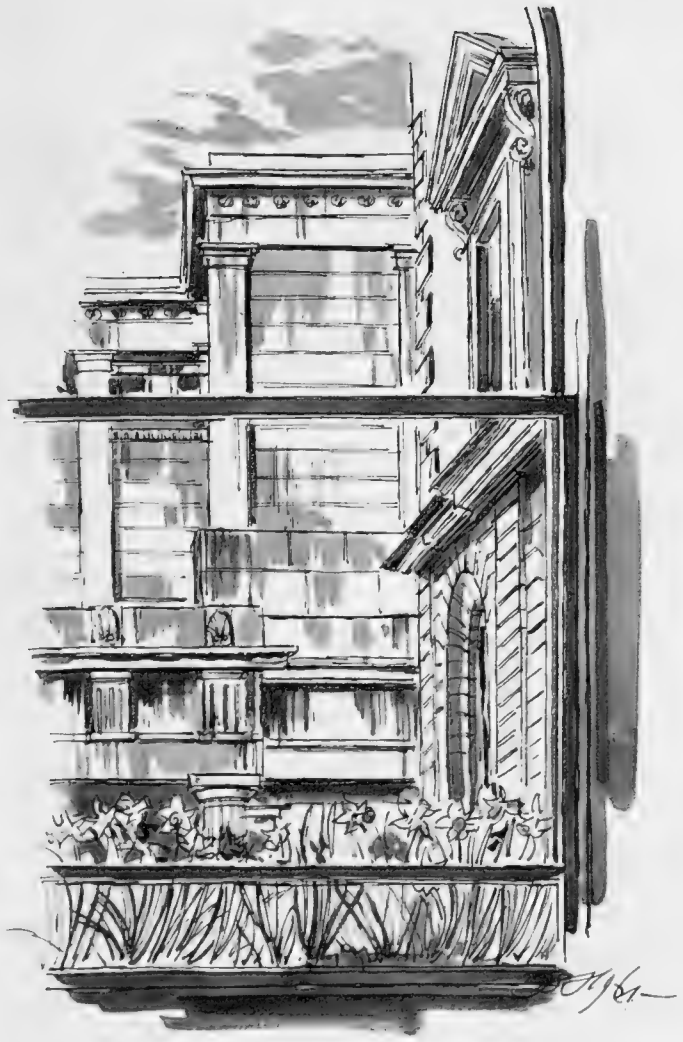
The Berliners do not want us to fight for them. They have had enough of war to last them their lives out. What they do hope is that, as one of them said to me, the Western powers will not let themselves be intimidated. If they do, he said, they will be the ultimate victims themselves, for dictators are never satiated by concessions. A glimpse into Communist Germany would convince most people that he was right.

The Communist frontier wall is increased in height

Identity documents are checked by an East Berlin policeman at a crossing-post

Uniform is the basis of East Berlin education

Armed with rifles and automatic weapons, members of the Kampfgruppen guard the frontier wire



LONDON DINING-ROOMS

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The name of Rothschild has for a long time been one of the best known in merchant banking throughout the world. In London N. M. Rothschild and Sons have their premises in New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, off Cannon Street. In Geoffrey S. Fletcher's drawing of the Partners' Dining-Room something can be learnt of the family's distinguished history. On the wall on the right is a portrait of Nathan Mayer de Rothschild. He was one of the five sons of Mayer Anselm von Rothschild, who started the family's fortunes in Frankfurt-on-Main, in Germany. Nathan Mayer came to Britain at the end of the eighteenth century and established himself in London in 1804. He was soon a figure of the first importance in financial circles. His brothers extended the family's business elsewhere in Europe. They were all made Barons of the Austrian Empire.

Over the mantelpiece the portrait is of Nathan Mayer's son, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, as a young man. Much of his life was devoted to working for Jewish emancipation. He was the first Jew to be elected M.P. and eventually enabled to take his seat in the Commons. A large painting in the Reception Room near the dining-room commemorates this historic event.

Nathan Mayer de Rothschild had his counting house in St. Swithin's Lane early in his time in London. The dining-room in New Court is in the part which was rebuilt in about 1860. Although electricity has replaced gas in the lamps, the style of its furnishings can have altered little in the course of the past century.

The view from the dining-room window at New Court, St. Swithin's Lane. **Below:** The large, high dining-room of N. M. Rothschild and Sons is in a building erected about 100 years ago

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE GENTLE GAME OF BOWLS

Bowls is the gentlest of British outdoor pastimes. It is also, with the exception of archery, the oldest; dating back to the beginning of the thirteenth century at least. Looking at it today (and it is certainly the gentlest, most soothing, of games to watch), looking at its practitioners, it is difficult to believe that such a game could have had a chequered history, could ever have been considered harmful to the national interest. But such is the fact. So popular did it become that at one time it threatened to jeopardise the practice of archery, and so to interfere with what would nowadays be called the " defence programme." Statutes were therefore passed, notably in the reigns of Edward III and Richard II, forbidding it altogether.

When the bow became outmoded as a weapon of war, the game of bowls continued to be banned. This seems to have been because was gambling that brought the game low again. Be that as it may, after the Stuart period it degenerated once more into a tavern amusement, attracting the unpleasant, and providing many a scandal. By the end of the eighteenth century no respectable person in England would be seen playing bowls in public. Revival came in the nineteenth century in Scotland. There, the foundations of the modern game were laid: there, a national association was formed and a national code drawn up: there, the game was first really organised. It was Scottish enthusiasm that took the game of bowls all over the world.

Since the war, bowls has increased enormously in popularity. Today, practically every town has its bowling green, and so have many villages. I do not know if anybody has ever made a count of bowls players, but it with badges as the shirt of a keen and expert boy scout. Oddly enough, few of the men wear their white felt hats when actually playing, preferring white peaked caps or no headgear at all.

Watching bowls is even more relaxing than playing bowls. Round the green which I favour for my afternoon's rest is a line of wooden benches and a few deckchairs. The benches are usually empty. The deckchairs are filled with the wives of the players (husbands do not seem to watch their wives play, perhaps because the husbands of bowls players seem always to be players themselves) either knitting or asleep. I did once see a woman clap—the sound shattered the stillness and was a flagrant violation of Law XIV—but I think that she must have been newly-married and had not quite got the hang of the thing.

The 1961 Amateur National Championships of the Women's Bowling Association

Distances being measured in this year's Bowls Championships at Mortlake

it was usually played outside taverns, and so attracted professional gamesters, dissolute women, and other undesirable characters. (Perhaps Law XIV of the game—" Persons not engaged in the game . . . shall preserve an attitude of strict neutrality, and neither by word nor act disturb or advise the players "—has its origin in those times, for it is impossible to imagine any spectator or player at the modern game behaving without due decorum.)

The total ban, incidentally was in force at the time of the Armada. If Drake did, in fact, play bowls on Plymouth Hoe, he was breaking the law. But a small point like that never bothered Drake very much, so perhaps that famous game really did take place. While the total ban was in force landowners were able to obtain special licences to play bowls on their own private greens (an indication of the popularity of the game), and this must have provided a pretty large loophole in the law for the enterprising. At any rate, despite the law—we are a most law-abiding people with a wonderful facility for ignoring unpopular laws—the game grew and grew in favour.

In Stuart times, it attained Royal favour (both James I and Charles I were enthusiastic bowlers), but it was still a gambling game. Both Evelyn and Pepys record famous people playing bowls for stakes. I suppose that it would not surprise me to find that there are more people playing bowls regularly in this country today than any other game.

The reason for its popularity is not far to seek. It is a quiet, gentle game, a genuine relaxation. Theoretically, at any rate, it is a very simple game, requiring no great skill and no great physical effort. All that a player has got to do is to roll his bowl so as to bring it to rest nearer to the jack than his opponent's, or so as to dislodge a bowl better placed in relation to the jack than his own, or so as to protect a bowl already in a good position. Like so many apparently simple games, however, it is not quite as easy as it sounds and there is in the game of bowls limitless scope for genuine skill. Moreover, this is the only outdoor game in which women can meet men on equal terms. " Madam, we 'll play at bowls." Yes, women were playing it in Shakespeare's day and probably long before that.

The bowls player wears a uniform. The women wear white skirts, blazers and white felt hats with the club ribbon round them. (These hats, which would be so unfashionable in the street, are extraordinarily becoming.) The men also go in for blazers and white felt hats with a club ribbon. And the bowls blazer can be quite a sight; as heavily decorated

The players, of course, do get rather excited, but in the mutest, gentlest way. Women players, so far as my observation goes, tend to a comfortable squareness, while the men are all shapes and sizes, but both behave in very much the same way. There is, evidently, a considerable nervous tension involved. Some release the wood and immediately, as though stung, dart to one side, the better to watch its progress. Some trot after the wood (the men in a bent, crab-wise shamble, the women leaning forward as though pushing prams), fixing it with a hypnotic eye, willing it on its way. Yet others contort their limbs as though in agony. The majority, men and women, stand still, arms akimbo, phlegmatic, apparently unmoved, but the glazed eye and slightly protruding tongue show that they, too, are wholly absorbed in the progress of their wood. It is all very tense and very silent and very decorous.

It is this silence and decorum that have impressed me most about the game, for this is a world from which both are now virtually absent. I have yet to hear a raised voice on a bowling green or even a harsh word. Bowlers, I am sure, are kindly folk. And Shakespeare knew this too: " He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler."

Barry Perry in the International 14-ft. *Scandalus*

J. Wooderson, the 1961 British Champion, in the 505 *Foam*

YACHTING

GABOR DENES

A Merlin-Rocket, sailed by Brian Southcott, who is the champion in this class

Hell Cat II, the fastest ever British catamaran, is to start a series of races this Friday (September 22) off Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, against the fastest opponent the Americans can muster. The series is the outcome of a challenge which was issued by John Fisk, leading British catamaran helmsman, at the end of 1959 to Bob Harris, the American designer of *Tiger Cat*, the fastest thing on twin hulls afloat at the time on the other side of the Atlantic. A great deal of negotiation by post has taken place since between the Eastern Multihull Sailing Association of America and the Chapman Sands Sailing Club of Britain, in which the terms of the contest have been thrashed out, such as the dimensions of the craft to be used and the number of races to be sailed.

John Fisk has now taken to America *Hell Cat II*, with her designer, Roderick MacAlpine-Downie, as crew. The latter has distinguished himself with some remarkable successes in designing catamarans, all within the last two years. During that time it has become more and more evident that this twenty-eight-year-old self-trained Scot is progressing so fast, that by now the cats designed by him leave everyone else's a long way behind, if not standing.

He told me, that when he designed and built his first such craft, *Thai I*, two years ago, he had never before seen a catamaran in his life. He saw his first Shearwater when *Thai I* was ready for launching. His third effort, *Thai III*, beat all-comers at Burnham in the summer of 1959, and at the end of that season was supreme in the first One-of-a-Kind race. He repeated this success in 1960 with *Thai IV*, and in this year's One-of-a-Kind event *Hell Cat* outsailed all, boat for boat as well as on handicap.

That is not the full measure of his success, however. His genius for designing this particular, advanced form of sailing craft shone brilliantly in the last One-of-a-Kind series in July, when, apart from *Hell Cat's* overwhelming victory, his *Thai IV* was second overall, and another of his recent efforts, the Yachting World Catamaran—a smaller craft—was third on handicap. *Hell Cat II*, now in America, is an improved version of the victorious *Hell Cat*. She is 24 ft. overall, 12 ft. on the beam, and has the maximum permitted sail area of 300 sq. ft., which she carries on a 33-ft. mast, giving her an unusually high aspect ratio for a catamaran.

There are eleven entries for the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Endeavour Trophy, for which six races are to be sailed this weekend at Burnham-on-Crouch. Beecher Moore presented this new award with the intention of finding the best man among the respective champions of the most important International and National dinghy classes. At the end of each season, each of twelve classes will nominate a helmsman, preferably its champion, and they will race in Fireflies, Enterprises and Hornets in rotation in successive years. Points for the five best of six races will decide the issue.

There are only eleven entries this year, for Jack Knights, who has won the National Enterprise Championship, will also represent the International Finn class. Although he was only third in the latter, the winner and runner-up were unable to fit in the date. In the International 14-ft. class, Stewart Morris is in America captaining the British team, and so the runner-up of Prince of Wales Week, Barry Perry, will take his place. In the Snipes, the top people will be also in America for the world championship of that class, and so last year's champion, G. B. Lilley, will be the representative. The other classes, 505s, Hornets, Merlins, Cadets, G.P. 14s, Fireflies, National 12s are represented by their champion helmsmen.

TRAVEL

WATER CASTLES OF WESTPHALIA

By **GORDON COOPER**

Contrast is the spice of travel, and this was well exemplified the other day when I visited the tranquil region of Münsterland which adjoins the industrial Ruhr. I came first to Münster, a rubbled city I had known during the war, but whose scars have now almost completely disappeared. Here I delighted in the Prinzipalmarkt, a relic of Hanseatic times. In this short street, the high gabled houses have been beautifully restored, and amidst the façades of the many-gabled buildings that of the Rathaus stands out prominently; it is still one of the finest Gothic buildings in Western Germany, and it was here that the Congress of Westphalia was held and the Treaty signed. Fortunately, the magnificent oak panelling that adorns the walls of the historic " Hall of Peace " was stored away during the war, so that the atmosphere of this resplendent Council Chamber has a genuine original effect.

There are other buildings of interest in this capital of Westphalia; such as Münster Cathedral, with its famous astronomical clock, the Erbdrostenhof, a princely palace in Baroque style of the eighteenth century which now is the main building of the University, an interesting Provincial Museum and a new Municipal Theatre, regarded as being perhaps the most modern in Germany, although I found an opera I attended there rather too " modern " for my taste. The Aa Lake is a charming pleasure-ground near the heart of the city. A curious iron cage still hangs from the graceful, filigree tower of St. Lambert's Church which recalls a strange historical event when a handful of Anabaptists took control of the city and carried on their rites. When, in due course, in 1536, the city was recaptured, Jan of Leyden, the leader of the sect, and two others were put to death and their bodies placed in the iron cages—for it was the belief that the unburied dead never go to Heaven. From the summit of St. Lambert's tower a man sounds a horn at regular hours, day and night.

Outside Münster, a distinctive feature of the countryside is the moated castles, many of which are hidden away in the woods. Built originally as strongholds, they later became elegant residences and some of them are still occupied by the original families. The Tourist Office in Münster offers organised itineraries and tours around the most important places.

The oldest of the moated castles is Burg Vischering, which has been owned by the Droste-Vischering family since the thirteenth century. It still retains a medieval appearance, complete with drawbridge, interior courtyard and early Gothic interior. Not far distant is Schloss Nordkirchen, called the " Westphalian Versailles " because of its spacious park, while the building itself, built early in the eighteenth century by a pomp-loving Prince-Bishop, has an ornate splendour. Today it is used for government offices.

Schloss Lembeck, now a museum, one of the many water castles in the region of Münster

North and west of Münster are several attractive moated castles: Schloss Burgsteinfurt, for instance, which has a half-timbered gatehouse and an arched bridge over the moat. Schloss Darfeld, now a home for nuns, was another I visited. Surrounded by a large moat, it is embellished with Italianate arcades and loggias, finished by a graceful balustrade. The castles of Hülsoff (now a farm-house), Havixbeck, and Lembeck (now a museum) were all in my itinerary, but perhaps the gem was the small Schloss Rüschaus, where Germany's most celebrated poetess, Annette von Droste-Hülsoff, spent the greater part of her life. It struck me as being an idyllic spot for a writer. The poetess, incidentally, was born in the Schloss Hülsoff, also a water castle.

Another detour from Münster brought me to the village of Telgte, a goal for many pilgrims. Here in a small octagonal chapel there is a famous *pièta* exquisitely carved from one branch of an ancient linden tree (still to be seen) in 1350; the statue is said to be miraculous. But my biggest surprise was when I visited the nearby Heimathaus, the most enchanting folk-museum. Its present director was purged from his job he was holding in Nazi times, so he then set out to transform a sixteenth-century coachhouse and stables into the nucleus of the museum. The large room into which one enters is furnished with examples of Münsterland's craftsmanship, and it has a large open hearth with overhanging canopy, under which the famous Westphalian hams used to be cured. Elsewhere in the building is a collection of local arts and crafts, while there were several rooms designed to show the local people how to furnish their homes in imaginative and contemporary style. Altogether, this museum, where the practical and the æsthetic have been well combined, is a noteworthy testimonial to Dr. Engelmeier's creative ability; and it confirms my opinion that a visitor should wherever possible visit a local museum, for you never know what you may find.

A few miles east of Telgte is Warendorf, " the town of horses "; and the centre of Westphalian horse-breeding and the Westphalian stud farm. Its annual stallion parade is an interesting event. It is the location, too, of a first-class riding school, open for courses to experienced riders, and of the German Olympic Stables, whose star is the much-awarded Herr H. G. Winkler. Warendorf town has half-timbered and gabled houses, medieval streets (including a Death Street and a Stinking Street) and a fine lime-tree avenue. The ancient Hotel Im Ingel can be strongly recommended for a lodging. Two miles south of the town is Freckenhorst, with an early-Romanesque collegiate church (1130), possessing a beautiful font.

My " little tour " of Münsterland took me also to the hilly, rather than mountainous, Teutoburger Wald, where Bad Rothenfelde and Detmold are resorts, to the Baumberge, a small mountain range, linked with many Germanic legends. The church at Billerbeck is an interesting building, and the nearby Hotel Weissenburg can be recommended.

I finished this particular journey in Dortmund, a great industrial centre, yet with an enchanting green belt on its southern side, on which I looked from my window in the excellent Westfalenhalle Hotel. In the beautiful park stands the Florian Tower, with a restaurant at its summit, which has a revolving floor, so that you get a fine panoramic glimpse of the countryside. Nearby is the Romberg Park, also very lovely, while beyond is the Bitter Mark, in whose heart is a memorial to 268 Resistance fighters of seven nations, who were killed by the Nazis on Good Friday, 1945. The dead men are buried on both sides of the memorial building. An annual service of remembrance is held at this spot.

MORE CAR FERRIES TO THE CONTINENT

Channel Air Bridge, well known for their popular passenger and car ferry routes from Southend to Calais, Ostend and Rotterdam, will be operating a similar service from Southend to Basle and Geneva shortly. Subject to Swiss Governmental approval, the services will begin in 1962, using the new four-engined Carvair. Proposed fares will be approximately £30 return for passengers, from £7 for the car one-way to Basle or from £8 10s. to Geneva. These new routes will offer the fastest services to motorists travelling to Southern Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Northern Italy and, when the Great St. Bernard Road Tunnel opens in 1962, the journey to the Italian and French Rivieras through Switzerland will be more direct than by any other route.

In *Ende gut, alles gut* (*All 's Well That Ends Well*), at the Luisenburg open-air theatre, are Helena (Hilde Mikulicz); Lafoy (Rudolf Köhler); the Countess of Rousillon (Heidi Kuhlmann) and Bertram, Count of Rousillon (Jörg Liebenfels). **Below:** The King of France (Michael Bruckner) takes the hand of Helena, watched by a group of courtiers

SHAKESPEARE IN THE OPEN AIR IN BAVARIA

Photographs by Ian Ball

Near Wunsiedel, some twenty miles from Bayreuth, lies the Luisenburg, a labyrinth of granite rocks strewn in great confusion. On its lower slopes in 1890 one of the finest open-air theatres in the world was fashioned. The audience—the theatre can hold about 1,800 people—sits under cover, but the actors are in the open and play in front of a magnificent backdrop of granite rocks, trees, moss, ferns and brushwood. The action takes place at more than one level. Any props which are required are brought on and removed by pages, who also appear with placards to inform the audience of the setting of any particular scene. Every summer three plays are performed. This year they were Shakespeare's *Ende gut, alles gut* (*All's Well That Ends Well*), Goethe's *Faust* and *Der zerbrochene Krug* (*The Broken Jug*), by Heinrich Kleist.

BOOKS

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

In the old Indian army; inside women's magazines; Napoleon's mother; recent novels

In what I still consider as a splendid volume of autobiography Colonel John Masters wrote his own story of "how a schoolboy became a professional soldier of the old Indian Army." That was a book called *Bugles and a Tiger* and there were many of us who held the same high opinion of it. Now, in THE ROAD PAST MANDALAY (Michael Joseph. 21s.), Colonel Masters continues the story from 1939 to 1945, a period when, to put it with fair restraint, professional soldiers were engaged on their especial business. From Syria and Iraq, where the author met the new divisional commander, one Major-General W. Slim, to Burma, the fighting was constant, the morale high and the comradeship between the Gurkhas and their officers as real and as lasting as one would expect if one had ever had the good luck to hear a Gurkha officer on the subject of his regiment. I found every word of this brilliant, forceful, spontaneous book a vivid experience. It should be added that as well as being an enterprising and hard-fighting officer, John Masters is also a born writer.

PIGTAILS AND PERNOD (Macmillan. 21s.) is autobiographical too, but in as different a mood as may well be imagined, for this is the story of a happy childhood spent, as far as holidays were concerned, at the Dieppe home of the author's grandparents. School-terms and relative periods of gloom were spent near Newhaven, which in Simona Pakenham's view was almost too conveniently situated. The months in between were enjoyed at the end of a channel crossing of diminishing horror, in a home of varied delights, unconventionality and friendly explorations; a home in which music was a delightful or occasionally tiresome commonplace, and to which eccentric but delightful relations were apt to pay rhythmical visits. This is an enchanting book, presenting a splendidly evocative picture of the old French seaport, all the clearer for being recalled through the memories of an English child.

There is no writer exactly like Mrs. Robert Henrey, whether among men, women or children, and she purveys exactly her own brand of timeless feminity in her discursive, pleasant and not particularly significant memoirs. THE DREAM MAKERS (Dent. 21s.) is the latest of her productions and it is concerned with women's magazines of vast circulation, as they appear now in England, France and Italy. It is, indeed, these publications and their editors who are the makers of dreams of which this *chic* and energetic little Frenchwomen has written. As her admirers would expect, this is a chatty and highly personal volume, unfailingly kindly in tone, optimistic in outlook and as female as a French furbelow. I don't really know why these books of Mrs. Henrey's should be so readable since so often they deal with subjects beyond, above or in any case beside one's comprehension or interest. But so it is, and one finds oneself busily browsing along, as firmly netted by the author's description of a Paris first night or papal audience as any Deeside salmon by a self-respecting ghillie. She is, of course, and demonstrably, a wonderful listener and her books are almost invariably based on minutely recorded conversations or, rather, monologues, in which her own part is modestly suppressed or reduced to an essential question or two. Taxi drivers, *restaurateurs* or famous dressmakers appear to chatter away to Mrs. Henrey like so many loquacious starlings and the funny thing is that the reader is convinced that this really is what happens. It may not be an ordinary foundation for the building of a book of travel and interviewing experiences but, to adapt a saying of the inimitable Colonel Blimp, "By heavens, sir, Mrs. Henrey is right!"

Jo (Rita Tushingham) rebuffs an approach from her mother (Dora Bryan) in the Woodfall film *A Taste of Honey*. Produced and directed by Tony Richardson, this film is adapted from the successful stage play of the same name, by the young authoress, Shelagh Delaney. It is now showing at the Leicester Square Theatre

A PRIDE OF LIONS (Collins. 28s.) is an admirable contribution to the enormous body of work on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte and his family, which, according to a German bibliographer, has now passed the 200,000 mark in separate titles. Miss Monica Stirling has written, however, not so much about the emperor as about his mother, Letizia, of whose nature Stendhal rather confusingly wrote that it was "impassive, firm and ardent" and of whom her greatest son said that she was "*belle comme les amours.*" Letizia was widowed early but her married life had been happy as well as fruitful and she was never wholly to understand the amorous vagaries of her sons and daughters. Napoleon, her oldest, she understood as well as any living being ever could and in return she had his loyalty and affectionate devotion. Born in the reign of Louis XV and dying just before Queen Victoria's accession, her life was as long as it was fantastic and it is enormously to Miss Stirling's credit that she has given us so complete and, on the whole, so sympathetic a picture of the woman chiefly known to the world through her Cassandra-like utterance of the phrase: "*Pourvu que ça dure.*"

Whatever one thinks about blurbs, surely the publishers of Miss I. Compton-Burnett's new novel are exactly right not to have announced it with a single descriptive sentence? For of what use are praise, blame, panegyric or castigation to those who have not yet read a word of this remarkable writer's work? And which reader, having read anything from one

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COLLECTOR'S FARE

Some useful new books on Antiques

Whether you hunt for bargains in West London's famed Portobello Road, join in the "big time" sales at Christie's and Sotheby's, or browse among the antique shops that belong to nearly every country town, there is collective wisdom to guide every category of collector in five new books which have just made their appearance.

THE CONNOISSEUR NEW GUIDE TO ANTIQUE ENGLISH FURNITURE (The Connoisseur. 25s.) is edited by L. G. G. Ramsey, and is the first of a series of monographs on English antiques. It is really a guide to style, without a knowledge of which no collector can, with any real confidence, enter an antique shop or bid at a sale. Although the book is neatly divided into precise compartments of time, we are nonetheless shown the process of transition from age to age as each potentially dominant influence began to emerge. An admirable guide to chronology and evolution in cabinet-making, with over sixty pages of superb half-tone illustrations.

A companion volume is ANTIQUE ENGLISH POTTERY, PORCELAIN AND GLASS (The Connoisseur. 25s.), also edited by Mr. Ramsey and with an introduction by G. Bernard Hughes. Again the method of presentation is the same; but here the editor has dwelt particularly on design in relation to custom and etiquette. The glass flutes evolved for champagne, for instance, evidence that that drink's slight sediment once affronted the fastidious. Fashions in wining and dining have been indeed an enormous influence upon design, as also were the burdensome glass taxes until their abolition in 1845 released the spectacular brilliance of English coloured glass. This volume also contains over sixty pages of half-tone illustrations, and some first-rate line drawings.

Anthony Bird's ENGLISH FURNITURE FOR THE PRIVATE COLLECTOR (Batsford. 30s.) puts out a challenge to the amateur to enter the field of collecting fearlessly. One of the discoveries to be made at an early stage is that the placing of a subtle mixture of styles and periods to achieve a harmonious effect widens the scope greatly. The author sets at rest the fears of those who feel that a wholesale change in the home, say from old oak to regency, is beyond their financial capacity, and shows how the transition can be made bit by bit and with artistry. In this volume also, illustrations and line-drawings are a valuable adjunct to the text.

Gil Thomas in ANTIQUES FOR THE SMALL COLLECTOR (Arthur Barker. 16s.) writes in practical and diverting style to bring this broad and complex subject into popular focus. Mr. Thomas has some instructive anecdotes on auction room practice and the ways of the street market. He shows what a very personal matter collecting can be, and in this well-written little volume he shares his pleasure with others, as he did in his earlier book, *Antiques in Your Home*, now a near best-seller on the other side of the Atlantic.

Even the once despised brass bedstead achieves a place of honour in Frank Davis's treatise for the modest collector. THE PLAIN MAN'S GUIDE TO SECOND HAND FURNITURE (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is another most practical book, and one does not have to read between the lines to see the growing interest in Victoriana, horsehair sofas included. Mr. Davis mostly concerns himself with simple country-made pieces, and with all kinds of household goods made during the nineteenth century. Of the latter he says there was a great deal that was shoddy, a great deal we can laugh at, and there was also quite a lot which was soundly made and which can marry with comfort into most unpretentious households. To this largely unmapped country Frank Davis provides a valuable chart.

The seventieth edition of PEARS CYCLOPÆDIA (Pelham Books. 20s.) makes its welcome appearance. There are numerous new features in this edition, including a special section on leisure activities. Space research receives emphasis, as also does the international economic picture at a time when Britain is poised for entry into the common market. The famous Bubbles portrait by Millais provides the familiar frontispiece.

Richard Edmonds

to seventeen of her inimitable pieces of fiction, will need an explanatory phrase to aid his appreciation or, as in some cases I have known, soothe his exasperation? Silence then, or a restrained blankness, is all we get from the jacket of this new venture, THE MIGHTY AND THEIR FALL (Gollancz. 16s.), and it is all that devoted readers will require. The problem of telling someone who has never read a novel by Miss Compton-Burnett what kind of experience awaits him is insurmountable: inadequate, to say that the action is only revealed through dialogue; that the scene is invariably a solid country house at an undefined period somewhere about the turn of the century; that a butler, a cook and a younger manservant may make extremely articulate contributions to the plot; or that the slyness of the humour will require a commensurate alertness from the reader. All this adds up to precisely nothing at all—except to someone who knows the author's novels. That is my own happy case and so I will content myself with announcing the appearance of a new title and a very rewarding new entertainment.

Miss Jane Duncan has added to the list of novels about her fictional friends with MY FRIEND SANDY (Macmillan. 16s.), the spirited account of a year's stay in a Caribbean island by her principal character Janet, with her amiable engineer husband, Alexander Alexander, known to his friends, not surprisingly, as Twice. As always, Miss Duncan writes with a beguiling lack of affectation and a strong sense of story which carries the tale—drama, improbabilities, colour and all—at a rattling pace to its satisfying conclusion.

Vernon Fane

"SAD DRUMMOSSIE MOOR"

For sixty years I have known with increasing intimacy the road from Nairn to Inverness across Culloden Moor; and I have read most of the literature of the '45, whether history or fiction. In the bulk of it, Charles Edward was the central figure, and the rosy limelight playing on him has tended to obscure prosaic facts. I am, therefore, very glad to have read John Prebble's CULLODEN (Secker. 30s.). This admirable study of the battle and its aftermath is written in distinguished prose, a pleasure to read; it is impartial and cool-headed, its documentation relevant, and its authorities the best available.

The eighteenth century was, broadly, coarse and callously inhumane. The rival armies that met on the moor were largely pressed men, one way or another; reluctant men. The clans were not the heroes of all Scotland. The Lowlands feared and detested them. Many Scotsmen fought against them as ruthlessly as did the Hanoverians. The common soldier of Cumberland's army was only outdone in his brutalities by his officers. Of the two "boy" generals, Prince Charles was little more than a playboy who plagued and frustrated George Murray. Cumberland understood the value, if not the spirit, of discipline, but, despite his status, was probably too young to check the crimes against humanity, the blood-bath which, to older generals like Hawley, alone could scour their tarnished shields. To the extent of discipline only were the victors less "barbarous" than the defeated.

Mr. Prebble's account of the training, battle drill and supply arrangements of the Army in George II's reign could not be bettered. With the lessons learned in 1745, the result, in April 1746, could never have been in doubt.

The aftermath of the prisoners who escaped butchery on the field was longer drawn out and, if possible, more foul. Londoners revelled in the tortures inflicted on those "tried" and on many more reserved for transportation. Yet the burial ground of the clans (which soon will be a little clearing in a vast wood that once was bog and field) still chokes our throats with thoughts of the eternal tragedy of the common man, sheep driven to the slaughter for causes they hardly understood.

John Gore

Katharina (Vanessa Redgrave), Baptista (Patrick Wymark), Petruchio (Derek Godfrey), Gremio (Ian Holm), Tranio (James Bree), seen in a new production of Shakespeare's comedy now in London

Katharina takes a meal with Grumio and Petruchio

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

at the Aldwych Theatre

Katharina and Petruchio

Miss Vanessa Redgrave has followed up her success as Rosalind in *As You Like It* at Stratford-on-Avon this summer with an equally striking performance as Katharina in another of Shakespeare's comedies in London. Most critics have commented on the charm and subtlety she brings to the part, although some have lamented the absence of shrewishness. Also in the cast are Derek Godfrey, who makes a commanding Petruchio; Patrick Wymark as Baptista, Diana Rigg as Bianca, Roy Dotrice as Christopher Sly and Ian Holm as Gremio. The play is a re-direction for London by Maurice Daniels of the 1960 Festival production at Stratford-on-Avon.

Hortensio (George Murcell), with Lucentio (Peter Jeffrey), and Bianca (Diana Rigg)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir George Dowty

As chairman and managing director of the Dowty Group Limited, Sir George Dowty is head of an organisation specialising in products based on hydraulics and with a yearly turnover of £30,000,000. The foundations of the Group were laid in 1931 when Sir George, then Mr. G. H. Dowty, started in business with a £50 capital to manufacture aircraft equipment of his own design. The Dowty Group now comprises over twenty companies, including subsidiaries in Canada, Australia and the U.S. Earlier this year, it acquired Boulton Paul Aircraft Limited. George Dowty was born in 1901 and educated at Worcester Royal Grammar School. He was knighted in 1956. Among honours awarded him are the Gold Medal of the Royal Aeronautical Society for advancing Aeronautical Science. He was President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors in 1960-61, President of the Royal Aeronautical Society in 1952-53 and is chairman of the Industrial Development Board for Malta. In 1955 he was made an Honorary Freeman of the Borough of Cheltenham. Sir George is married and has a son and a daughter. In addition to racehorse breeding and racing, his many other interests include cricket, tennis, motoring and curling

VITAL BITS AND PIECES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Rather often in recent years, when the Government has had to try to curb demand for motor-cars to take some of the steam out of the British economy, people have remarked how far-reaching an effect on other parts of engineering a slow-down or revival of activity in the motor industry can have. There have been times when investment and other kinds of demand were booming, yet the fact that motor output was under restraint has meant that the total output of engineering, and even the country's whole level of production, have remained obstinately level. That is one demonstration of the motor industry's ramifications.

In recent weeks, however, we have seen the reverse of the penny: not the dependence of many other kinds of engineering upon their motoring customers, but the dependence of the whole great motor industry upon one or two suppliers of so many vital bits and pieces. Strikes of a few men at S.U. Carburettors Limited, and in certain other parts and components suppliers, have been sufficient to bring large sectors of motor production to a standstill, and to throw many thousands of other workers on to short time or temporarily out of work.

Almost every motor-car manufacturer " buys in " materials and components amounting to more than half the total cost of each car he makes: if he does not have his own body-pressing plant, the proportion purchased from outside can rise to as much as 75 per cent. of total car costs. And motor output from day to day, as has been demonstrated recently, depends on a steady flow of components from the makers of components and semi-finished parts to the motor assembly plants. One of the prides of management in the motor industry is to carry the smallest possible stock of parts consistent with the risk of possible hold-ups or accidents in production or transport of their outside supplies. I have been in a branch assembly plant in California, some 2,000 miles away from the parent company in Detroit that sent it cars in " completely knocked down " form. The Californian plant worked with no more than eight hours' stocks of components. In Britain, with most suppliers independent in ownership, reliance may not be stretched quite as tight as that; but on the other hand this is a concentrated little country geographically, and the motor factories' stocks of any kind of part will seldom—voluntarily—cover more than a day or two's output.

Fluctuations in demand for cars, sometimes enforced from Whitehall via restrictions on hire purchase or increases in purchase tax, may build up stocks of cars in dealers' hands and manufacturers' yards regardless of managers' intentions: and the same thing happens back through the pipeline in component manufacture and indeed right back to the production of steel. Motor manufacturers are powerful bargainers both as customers and suppliers; some of their trading partners will complain that at such times they expect their distributors or, on the other hand, their component suppliers to hold and finance these " involuntary stocks " for them, while at any time that motor demand goes upward sharply they tend to expect tomorrow's output of parts to have been produced yesterday. But in general the whole motor business is a comparatively well-knit one, sharing the rough with the smooth in fairly dependable long-run expansion and prosperity.

The reason why a motor manufacturer buys a carburettor, say, from outside instead of making it himself is simply because S.U. or Zenith, the two suppliers who make this particular component for the vast majority of cars produced in Britain, can make it more efficiently and cheaply. And this comes mainly from the fact that, apart from their greater expertise, they produce more than any single manufacturer wants. Thus mass production in the car factories is backed by mass production in even greater numbers in the component factories. Consider how many pistons and rings, valve guides, tappets, shock absorbers, brakes and springs go into the 1,750,000 cars and commercial vehicles that Britain is now producing each year. It shows you that in mass production no car assembly plant can outdo some of the large-scale manufacturers of components. Where the manufacture of particular components is concentrated into a few companies, as it very often is in Britain, the volume of production becomes immense.

Lucas, for example, with an annual turnover of more than £100,000,000, is a very large company by any standards, though not all of this comes from the motor industry. The group is the dominant supplier in Britain of many kinds of electrical equipment for motor vehicles. In the supply of " engine sets " for cars its dominance is challenged only (in distributors and coils) by AC Delco, a company that supplies Vauxhall and some of Ford's requirements. Lucas makes headlamp bodies and switches, and in a joint company with A.E.I. and G.E.C. now supplies the all-glass " sealed beam " headlamps generally used. Its subsidiary, Girling, is one of the main suppliers of brakes; C.A.V. Ltd. makes fuel injection equipment for the heavier forms of motor vehicle; the group makes windscreen wipers, horns, and distributors. For most of these its production is highly " automated " on a scale beyond that any single car maker could hope to match.

The same phenomenon of exceptionally high volume of output can be matched in many other fields on component manufacture. S. Smith and Sons makes most of the instruments used in British cars, though here again AC Delco has part of the market. Hardy Spicer Ltd. makes most of the propeller shafts and universal joints for British motor vehicle transmissions; Triplex practically all the window glass. In each case other manufacturers exist: in the case of window glass there is a company partly owned by Ford and B.M.C., perhaps representing the car manufacturers' desire not to be wholly dependent on one dominant supplier. Wilmot Breeden makes lock mechanisms, bumpers, handles and radiator grilles; Lockheed has a large part of the market for brakes. Items that are less familiar to the average motorist, such as the many iron and light alloy castings and wrought metal products that go into motor vehicles, are big business for groups such as Birmid Industries; the whole drop forging industry supplies the major part of its output to the motor industry.

Most of the bigger groups in component manufacture have diversified their operations so as not to be utterly dependent on this one customer industry, and to even out some of the fluctuations to which it is prone. They have, of course, some sales of motor parts and components for replacements—generally at significantly higher prices. But many even of these replacements are sold through the car manufacturers' spares divisions, and the great bulk of component production is for " original equipment " for new cars. If motorists gradually tend to replace their cars more quickly, it may be that the demand for replacements will now grow fully in proportion with that for " original equipment."

Recent strikes in component manufacture have cut production in the motor assembly plants, and in its turn this has slowed output down in other component manufacturers' factories. The interdependence of modern business, and in particular of certain kinds of engineering, vastly multiplies the effect of such labour disputes. A few men striking in key departments of a key factory can have as widespread consequences as say a labour dispute in the electricity supply industry, if not as sudden and dramatic as a power failure. The problem is not simply economic: it becomes one of principle. Unless one denies to all workers the right to strike—to withdraw one's labour from a bargain one no longer considers fair—it is difficult to argue that it should be denied to any. Yet the effect of a dozen men going on strike in a factory, power station, or department that is " a long way back " in the whole interconnected pattern of business, so far as other workers and the general public are concerned, may be wholly different from that of a dozen deciding to strike in some occupation where the consequences are less widely ramified.

We do put some limitations upon the power to strike of certain essential public servants, such as policemen. One might argue—and this again is a matter of principle rather than of politics—that in industry too the rights of a man to withdraw from the bargain by which he sells his labour ought to be graduated according to the effect that exercising this right may have on the rest of society. But it would become a rather curious form of graduated liberty.

A half stator of one of the 75mW. generator-motors made by A.E.I. approaches the Crimea Pass on the way to the C.E.G.B. Blaenau Ffestiniog hydro-electric station. A description of this station, with illustrations, appears on the following pages

ELECTRICITY PUMPED STORAGE

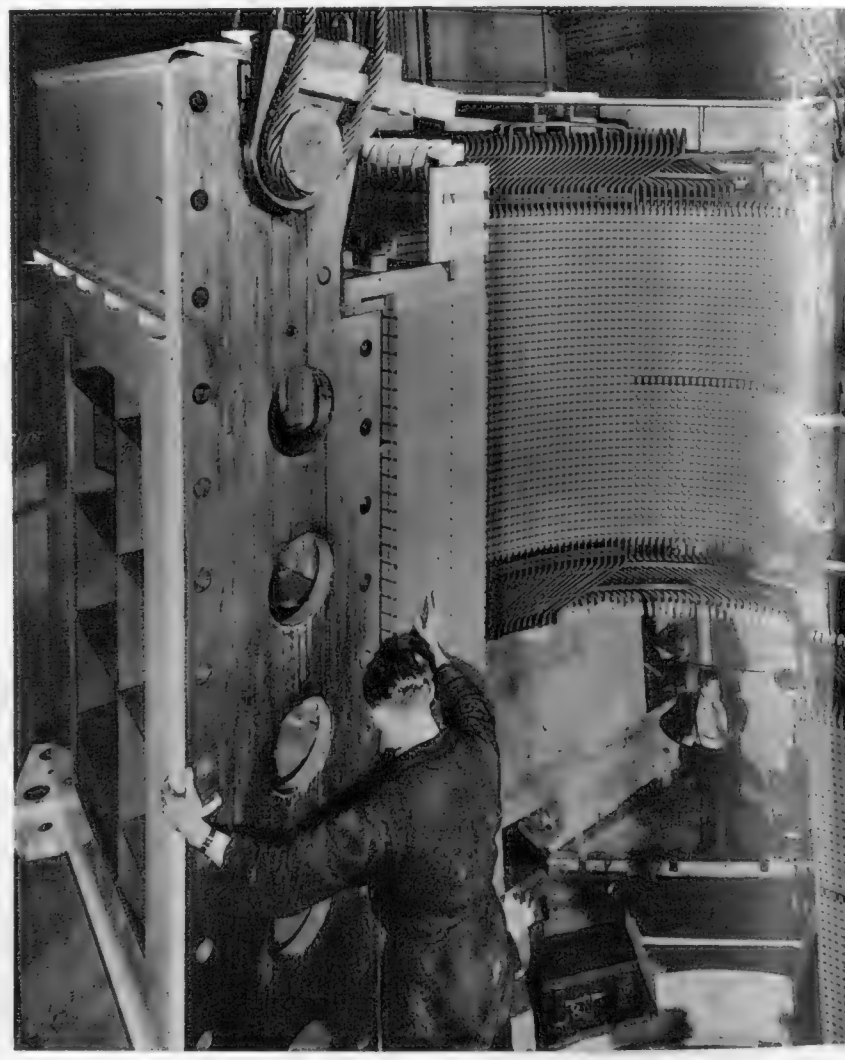
The largest pumped storage scheme in the world is shortly to come into commission under the auspices of the Central Electricity Generating Board at Blaenau Ffestiniog, in North Wales. Electricity cannot be stored; it has to be used as it is produced. Pumped storage is a system whereby this disadvantage can be overcome and a practical provision can be made for the generation of supplementary electricity for peak periods. In this system electrical power pumps water from a low reservoir to a high reservoir at off peak periods and uses the water falling from the high level to the low level to drive a water turbine and generate the extra electricity when required. This is more efficient than charging storage batteries during the night and then using the batteries to supply power in the day time.

The capacity of the station at Blaenau Ffestiniog is 300 mW. made up of four 75 mW. vertical generator-motors manufactured by Associated Electrical Industries. These are to drive pumps during off peak periods to pump water from the lower reservoir of Tan-y-Grisiau to the upper reservoir of Stwlan. They will then operate as generators driven by water turbines as the water returns from the upper reservoir to the lower one. Each set has a separate pump and water turbine on a common shaft and the electrical machines run in the same direction all the time. During the pumping cycle power is taken from the electricity grid and it is returned to the grid during the generating cycle. The Trawsfynydd nuclear power station is in the neighbourhood of Blaenau Ffestiniog and ultimately will be able to feed power into the grid during off peak periods and drive the pumps at Ffestiniog. Nuclear power stations cannot be shut down completely and when not supplying electrical power the heat from the reactors is wasted. The main Consulting Engineers to the C.E.G.B. are Freeman, Fox and Partners in association with Kennedy and Parkin for the electrical and mechanical plant, and James Williamson and Partners, who are responsible for the civil works.

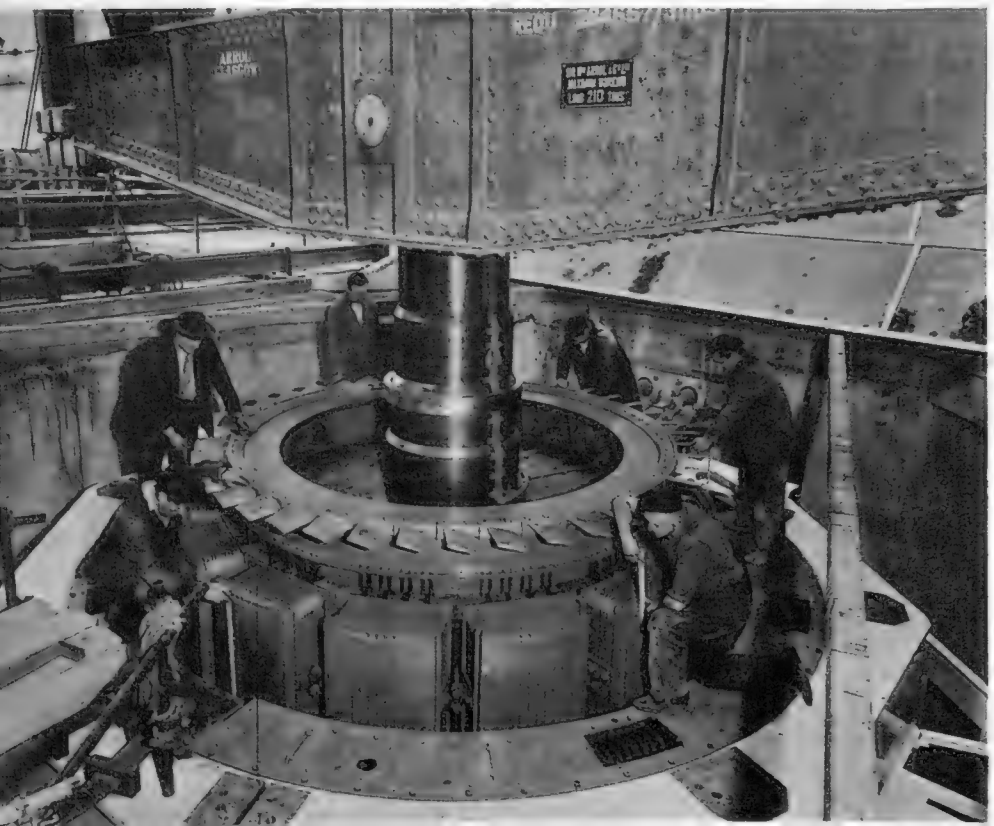
A development of this system will be used in a new pumped storage scheme for which contracts have been placed by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The new scheme will have an output of 400 mW. from four 100 mW. generator motors, and water will be pumped from Loch Awe to a reservoir 1,300 ft. above sea-level. This reservoir will be formed by a dam which is to be built across a corrie on Ben Cruachan, at the head of the Cruachan Burn. In this scheme reversible pump turbines will be employed, and the same machine will pump the water and then act as a turbine to drive the generator to produce electricity. The electrical machines will be reversible and this will not only be the first equipment of this type manufactured in the U.K., but also the first in the world with reversible pump turbines designed to operate under such a high head as 1,100 ft. The power station in the Scottish scheme will be underground in the heart of Ben Cruachan. The electrical and mechanical consulting engineers are Messrs. Merz and McLellan. The civil engineering consultants are James Williamson and Partners.

Pumped storage schemes are likely to increase in number and in importance in the near future, both at home and overseas. In countries such as ours, with limited hydro-electric resources, they can be used in conjunction with thermal and nuclear power stations of high output. In countries with ample water power resources, they can still be very useful in conjunction with nuclear power stations.

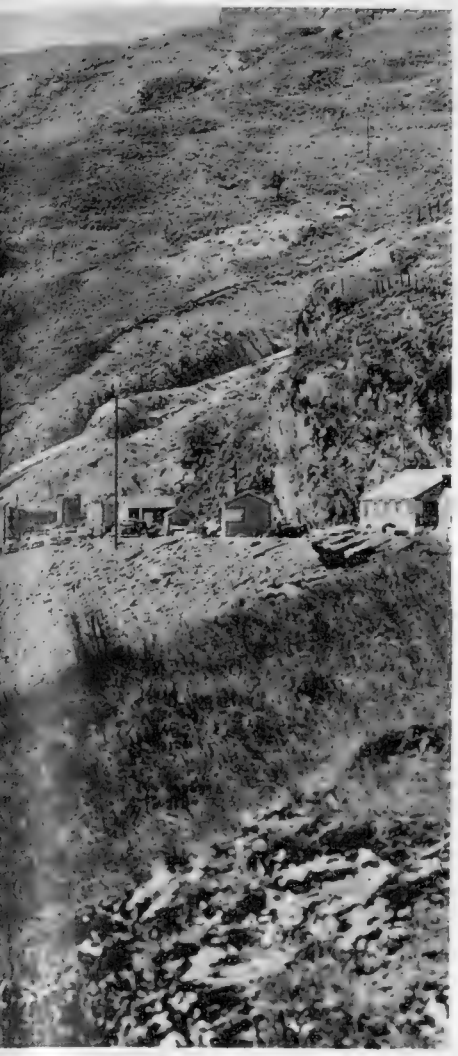
The exterior of the power-house of the Central Electricity Generating Board's pumped storage scheme a



The second half stator of the No. 2 A.E.I. 75 mW. generator-motor is lowered into place. The stator when complete receives the rotor

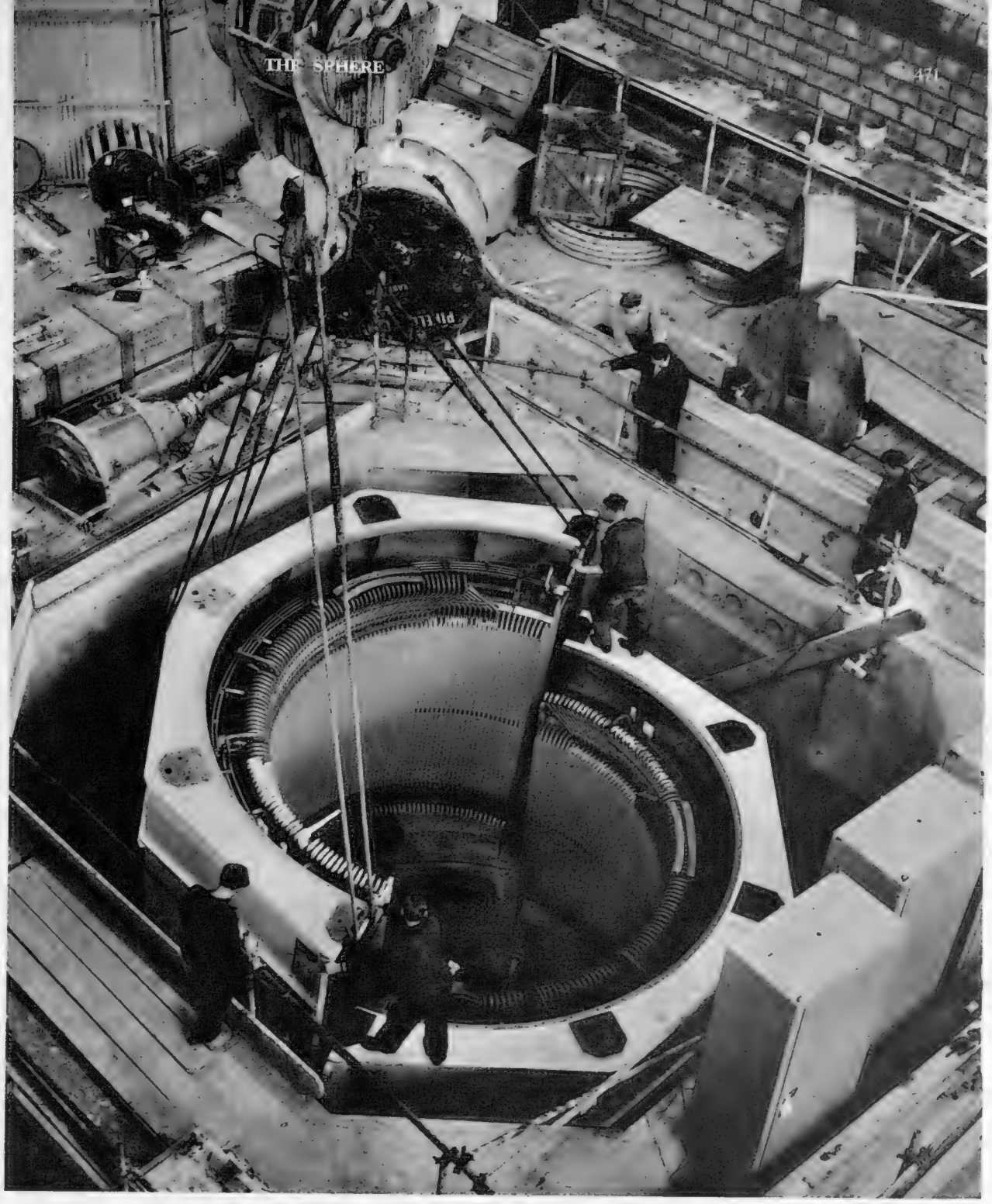


Left: The rotor of the No. 1 A.E.J. generator-motor is lowered into its position inside its stator. The rotor weighs over 200 tons



aenau Ffestiniog in North Wales

Right: A view of Loch Awe from Ben Cruachan, in Scotland. The generating station which is to be constructed here will be underground and water will be pumped to a reservoir 1,300 ft. above sea-level. A.E.I. are supplying for this project two 100 mW. generator motors coupled to Boving reversible pump turbines



A view from above of the positioning of the two half-stators of the No. 2 motor

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

TV ON THE WIRE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

" The next decade may witness a sharp growth in the popularity of wired, or relay, television." This is the view of a leading firm of London stockbrokers put forward in a recent analysis of the prospects for relay television in this country. Background factors to improved prospects for relay television are, first, the near saturation of the television set market in Britain. There are now over 11,000,000 television licences in operation, and the past decade's vigorous expansion for the set makers is drawing to a close.

Secondly, the pattern of future demand stands to be sharply influenced by technical changes now being considered by the Pilkington Committee. These could include the introduction of 625-line transmissions, wired television and, possibly, colour television. One body, the British Institute of Radio Engineers, has already suggested a nationally wired television system to replace broadcast transmissions.

Three major companies operating in relay television are British Relay Wireless, Rediffusion and Relay Exchanges. These companies rent television sets or " terminal units," whose cost is written off in three to five years, with about one-third depreciated within the first year. Net profits can rise sharply once older sets have been written off, but during a period of rapid expansion the real profit benefits may be masked by heavy depreciation and the need for new capital.

British Relay Wireless and Television was formed eight years ago to take over the radio relay side of Philips Electrical and a company jointly owned by British Electronic Industries (the merger company of Pye and E. K. Cole) and Murphy Radio. At present, British Electronic and Murphy own over a quarter of British Relay's capital and supply most of its equipment. Associated Television also have a large interest in B.R.W.

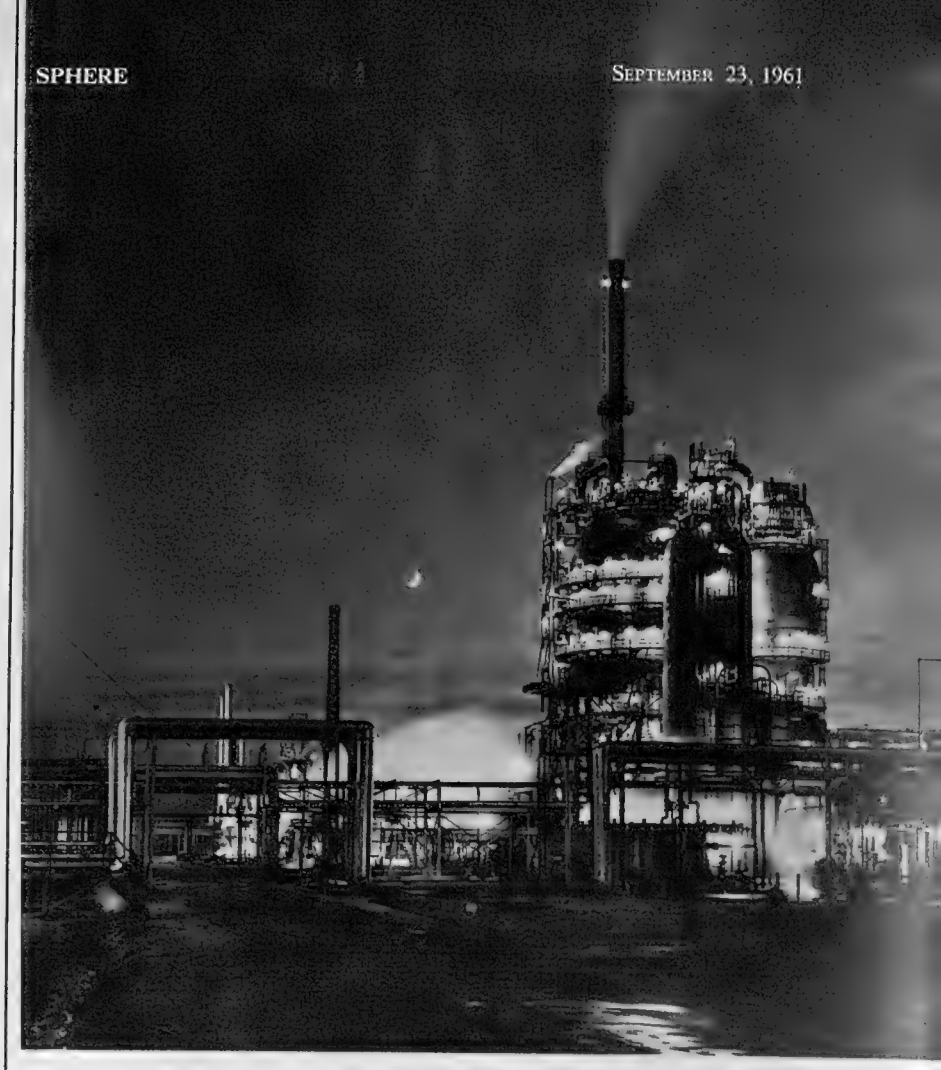
The great majority of B.R.W.'s customers are domestic users, though the group has specialist departments serving industry. Expansion has been rapid in recent years and the districts where B.R.W. is established increased from 1,400,000 population in 1957 to the present level of over 5,000,000. Capital spending has also been rising sharply, with an increase of some £22,000,000 between 1956 and 1960. Trading profits growth has fallen behind the rise in assets, but this should be reversed over the years ahead.

Rediffusion was formed more than thirty years ago and has developed into many fields of electronics. Rediffusion also has a 37½ per cent. stake in Associated Rediffusion, the independent television programme contractors, an investment which is now yielding more than £1,000,000 gross a year. Rediffusion's trading profits have risen from less than £4,000,000 in 1957 to some £6,000,000 in 1961, though the rate of expansion seems to be slowing down. Profits for the current year, which runs to March 1962, have been forecast at merely around the previous year's level. Rediffusion's equipment is supplied from within the group, while the company operates large overseas relay interests.

Relay Exchanges, the third major group in the industry, is probably best known through its subsidiary, Rentaset. This company operates throughout Britain from over 200 showrooms, with an eventual plan to raise the total to 400. Total assets have grown from £4,000,000 in 1956 to nearly £19,000,000 in 1960. The lifting of hire-purchase controls in 1958 brought a striking rise in demand, but this rate of growth has not been maintained since. Relay Exchanges—which also owns Goodmans Industries, one of the leading manufacturers of high fidelity loudspeakers, in Europe—shows an impressive growth record. Taking 1956 as 100, its trading profits had reached 380 by 1959. This compares with 232 for an average group of ten electrical companies and with corresponding figures of 324 for British Relay Wireless and 194 for Rediffusion. The relative advance shown by the various companies reflects the level of rental charges, the willingness of customers to exchange sets for newer models, and companies' administrative efficiency in repair and overhaul. Now, rental charges are being forced down as television set manufacturers cut prices. Against this, the relay firms will be able to offer new services, such as coin in the slot television, while the major growth prospect is that relay agreements at present extend to barely 5 per cent. of the set population.

Outside the large relay firms, investors might also consider Telefusion, which was made public only three years ago. Expansion has been rapid, even by the relay industry's standards, with fixed assets growing from £661,000 in 1956 to around £5,000,000 in 1960. Profits have shown a corresponding improvement, though for 1961 larger tax more than offset extra trading income. A slowing down in recent growth rates seems likely over the next few years, though Telefusion should benefit from its marked technical progress.

Yields on relay television shares are now a good deal larger than a year ago, reflecting the recent credit squeeze and recognition that recent growth rates are unlikely to be maintained. British Relay Wireless shares offer about 4 per cent., Rediffusion and Telefusion about 4½ per cent. and Relay Exchanges about 5½ per cent. For investors concerned primarily with capital appreciation, B.R.W. remains the outstanding choice. For investors interested in income, Relay Exchanges has clear attractions.



A view of the Refinery. The Catalytic Cracking Plant is on the right

NIGHT AT FAWLEY

The tenth anniversary of the Refinery

The Esso Refinery at Fawley, in Hampshire, recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of its official opening. Built on a site adjacent to a small existing refinery, the original extension was begun in 1949. By the time this stage was completed investment amounted to some £37,000,000. Since then, expenditure on new capital plant and equipment has averaged £5,500,000 a year, and by the end of 1961 the total capital expenditure will have reached over £80,000,000.

The range of products made at Fawley was originally confined to petrol, paraffin, diesel and fuel oils. It now includes important quantities of jet fuels, lubricants, bitumen and petroleum chemical feedstocks. Nearly 20 per cent. of the Esso Petroleum Company's investment at Fawley is now devoted to the production of feedstocks for the manufacture of synthetics—including synthetic rubber, plastics and detergents. The amount of crude oil entering the refinery has increased from 6,000,000 to over 11,000,000 tons a year. In the last ten years 85,000,000 tons of crude oil have been processed—an average of 5,000 gallons every minute. The fluid Catalytic Cracking plant, which breaks down heavy gas oil from the crude distillation units to produce high-quality petrol and a large volume of refinery gases, produces 1,000,000 gallons of petrol a day. Tanker traffic at the refinery's marine terminal now represents about a third of all ships using the port of Southampton.

Part of the 400 miles of piping behind which is part of the petroleum chemicals plant

MOTORING

THE NEW VAUXHALL VICTOR

The Cooper twins; Ford's Capri Hard-top; more news from Frankfurt.

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

The Super model of the new Vauxhall Victor, one of four models in the new range

After extensively road-testing the new Vauxhall Victor in the mountains of Wales and on Britain's fragmentary motorway system, I can say without hesitation that it is so greatly improved that it can almost rank as a new model. It is more powerful; it is quieter, roomier and more refined. It has a completely re-styled body of very pleasing lines, and this is probably the biggest improvement of all.

Prices of the standard saloon and Victor Super models remain unchanged at £744 19s. 9d. and £781 8s. 11d. respectively (tax included). The de luxe model now costs £847 1s. 5d., which is more on basic price than its predecessor, but as the de luxe specification now includes a heater and screen-washer—in addition to individual seats and leather upholstery—the new price is, in effect, lower than the old. At £861 13s. 1d. the particularly good-looking estate car is £15 cheaper than before on basic price.

The new Victors are normally fitted with a three-speed gear-box with steering column change; but a four-speed, all-synchromesh gear-box with a floor-mounted lever is available for £17 10s. extra, tax included. This new four-speed box is a first-class piece of mechanism. With its efficient synchromesh and well-chosen ratios it gives the Victor much greater flexibility, and I think it will appeal to a very large percentage of Victor buyers.

Individual front seats of the type fitted as standard to the de luxe Victor are optionally available on the Super and estate car versions for £14 11s. 8d. extra, including tax.

One of the most important ways in which the new Victor follows modern trends—others being the adoption of an all-synchromesh gear-box and the high waistline of its new styling—is in the reduction of chassis greasing points from nineteen to only four (for the ball joints of the steering knuckles). Vauxhalls claim this has helped to cut maintenance costs by two-thirds.

Power of the 1,508-c.c. 4-cylinder engine has been stepped up from 54·8 b.h.p. at 4,200 r.p.m. to 56·3 at 4,600 and a slight reduction in the car's overall weight, coupled with the fact that the Victor's frontal area has been reduced by a square foot, gives a livelier rate of acceleration to its top speed of around 75 m.p.h. The centre of gravity is 1½ in. lower and a higher axle ratio reduces the engine speed by 5 per cent. for a given road speed.

Most drivers of the new Victor will probably get about 30 miles out of a gallon of petrol, but average consumption can vary by 5 m.p.g. on either side of this figure, depending on how the car is driven. The new model gives two more inches of elbow room inside, yet the overall width has been increased by half an inch only. There is an increase of 5½ inches in overall length. The windscreen is of toughened glass with the new-style "safety zone" in front of the driver. The screen is one-third bigger and the wiped area is 66 per cent. greater.

An interesting innovation for the Luton branch of General Motors is the offer of what they are calling an extra-performance, extra-luxury, prestige version of the new Victor. Full details will not be available until October 17, but I am at liberty to state that this special model will be called the VX Four-Ninety and that it will have a basic price of £665, increased by tax to £971 0s. 7d.

It had to happen! Ever since the B.M.C. 850-c.c. twins were first announced motorists have been saying the roadholding and cornering of the Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor are so good they could "take" a bigger engine with a higher top speed in perfect safety.

One of the first to realise this was Mr. Charles Cooper, the senior component of the father-and-son motor racing partnership. He and his son John installed in a Minnie one of the B.M.C. engines of just under 1,000 c.c. used in the successful Cooper single-seaters developed for Formula Junior racing. They also fitted Lockheed disc brakes to the front wheels. This considerably modified Minnie gave a performance matched only by that of expensive sports saloons and when the car was tried out by B.M.C. engineers they thought so highly of it that it was not long before the decision was taken to put it into production.

So we now have the Austin Seven Cooper and Morris Mini-Cooper, with an engine of 997 c.c., disc brakes at the front, a remote-control gear-change lever, special Dunlop tyres, distinctive radiator grilles, new seats, a redesigned fascia and an improved interior finish. The "twins" are 21 per cent. faster and can hold their own with most of America's 2½-litre compact cars. The engine develops 55 b.h.p. at 6,000 r.p.m. (compared with 34 at 5,500).

I have driven the new cars at speeds approaching 90 m.p.h. and am wondering how long it will be before the conversion experts start offering high-performance tuning kits that will put these fantastic little cars into the 100 m.p.h. bracket. Even in their standard form they accelerate to 50 m.p.h. in 12·8 seconds and to 60 in 18½ (an improvement of 55 per cent.).

The pressure-limiting valve which prevents the rear wheels from being locked has been modified to suit the new braking system and a booster has been added to the front brakes. The system is so efficient that the new Cooper twins stop from 90 m.p.h. with no more difficulty than the standard Minnies stop from 60 m.p.h.

One of the most impressive features of the Cooper twins is that although their performance is a startling advance on that of the standard Minnies—to use B.M.C.'s own word for it—the suspension system, with its unorthodox rubber units working independently on all four wheels, has needed no modification of any kind.

With the Cooper twins come new "super de luxe" versions of the standard 850 c.c.,

(Continued on following page)

Above: The redesigned fascia in the Cooper "twins"
Right: The Austin Seven Cooper shows its paces

MOTORING

(*Continued from previous page*)

drum-braked Minnies. They have distinctive radiator grilles (to let the Joneses know it is the new *grande luxe* job); special sound insulation by means of felt linings on body panels and an emulsion coat on the wheel arches; lever-type handles on the inside of the doors; the redesigned fascia and improved interior trim of the Coopers, with a light in the roof instead of on the dash; and the same range of duo-tone external finishes, which offer a contrasting colour for the roof. (Example: body in fiesta yellow and roof in old English white.)

Ford of Dagenham breaks new ground with its two-seat, two-door Capri hard-top, based on the 1,340-c.c. Classic, for it is the most sporting model ever to come from the Essex factory. With its sleek, sophisticated shape, low roof-line, deeply-cushioned bucket seats (with hide optionally available), windows which wind down out of sight to leave a pillarless open space on either side and a top speed of more than 80 m.p.h., the Capri is a personality car for the real enthusiast. It created a big impression at Frankfurt this week.

Behind those luxurious front seats, which have a fore and aft adjustment of 5 ins., there is room for two small children. If the huge boot of 22 cub. ft. won't take all the luggage, the surplus can be stowed in this rear compartment when the car is being used as a two-seater. This elegant sister of the Classic has a remarkably low price for a car of such sporting personality and should sell particularly well overseas. Initial production will be reserved for export. When available in the U.K. next year the car will cost £915 12s. including tax.

The Ford two-seat, two-door Capri hard-top, based on the 1,340-c.c. Classic

Briefly. . . .

Star turn at the Frankfurt Motor Show, which opened on September 21, is the new Volkswagen 1500. It is 6 ins. longer than the famous 1,192-c.c. model, which continues in production, and has a wider rear track. The air-cooled, flat-four, rear-mounted engine gives a top speed of 78 m.p.h., at which pace it can cruise indefinitely. Other features: Luggage space back and front, two doors, larger wheels and brakes. . . .

Another new German model "unveiled" at Frankfurt this week was the Goggomobil S1004 coupé. This 993-c.c. 4-cylinder, four-stroke addition to the Glas range of small, two-stroke cars is mounted at the front to drive the rear wheels and has a single overhead camshaft driven by a belt toothed on its inner surface. The S1004 has two seats, a steel body, a four-speed gear-box and claimed top speed of 84 m.p.h. . . .

A sporting two-door coupé which will be a rival to the new Ford Capri was announced at Frankfurt. It is a new version of General Motors' 1,680-c.c. Opel Rekord saloon and a top speed of 87 m.p.h. is claimed.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Deep down below the smart cosmopolitan Mayfair Hotel in London there is a most unusual restaurant. A visit to the Beachcomber may not improve one's gastronomic knowledge in a traditional sense, nor would I recommend a call to anyone in search of classical French cuisine and wines. But I can recommend it as a most amusing diversion to those who don't mind experimenting with food which has strangeness, if nothing else, and will make the next meal of a traditional kind taste all the better.

This is the age of the "gimmick," and the Beachcomber has so many of them that, if you are in a receptive mood, they are sure to keep you amused incessantly, while you are there. I am told that in California, and other parts of the United States, Polynesian food, served in a Polynesian manner, is the rage and establishments are competing with each other to see which can outdo the other in barbecued dishes and local colour. I am also told that even the customers go to these places dressed in suitable garb and it is the done thing to eat in a restaurant sitting on the floor, possibly imagining the scene to be a Pacific beach on a coral atoll with swaying palms under a southern moon.

We did not sit on the floor at the Beachcomber for our dinner, but that was the only thing missing, and judging by the popularity of the place, I am sure we were lucky to be in the first restaurant of this kind in England, because the craze is bound to spread and competition to spring up.

The gimmickry is so thorough, that you are under its spell from the start. On the way down the long and cavernous flights of stairs you are greeted by a few signs. A cage of brilliant coloured macaws and other exotic birds here, an illuminated tank of vivid tropical fish there, prepare your eyes to some extent for what is to come. The strains of Hawaiian guitar music floating up from the depths exert their hypnotism, too.

You enter the Aloha Bar and find a seat beside a rocky pool in which live two fair-sized alligators hardly ever moving (I am told they are fed once a week) and entirely undisturbed by a school of gambolling turtles. There are forty-four drinks to choose from, and the only name familiar to me among them was Martini. I tried several of the others. They are, I concluded, nearly all based on rum, and the juices of tropical fruits. Charming oriental maidens serve the drinks with various garnishings in attractive glasses and mugs. I drank a "Navy Grog," which I was told had three different kinds of rum in it besides a host of other ingredients. It was a powerful, man-sized drink of its kind. I also sampled others through a straw and found that they varied mainly in strength, though one of them had brandy in it as well as rum. The composition of the drinks is not divulged.

We had dinner on the poop of the old pirate vessel, complete, to my surprise, with a carved figure-head. "Polynesian Plate" was our *hors-d'œuvres*, consisting of Hawaiian glazed barbecued spareribs marinated in "our exciting *Tiki* sauce," spiced chicken livers, little bits of beef and lava-lava (matchstick size pieces of meat cooked in paper). This course is eaten with the fingers, and the waiter brings hot perfumed towels to wipe them. For the next course we had knives and forks. I had a deliciously tender Teryaki steak, served with fried banana, and my companion had chicken Momi (stuffed with veal, pork and pimentoes) served on a half pineapple. We finished with a Tahitian fruit salad, which consisted of such tropical fruits as apples, pears, peaches, and grapes—served in a half pineapple.

The Paradise Islanders, musicians from the island of Tonga, play nightly in the Beachcomber Restaurant in London

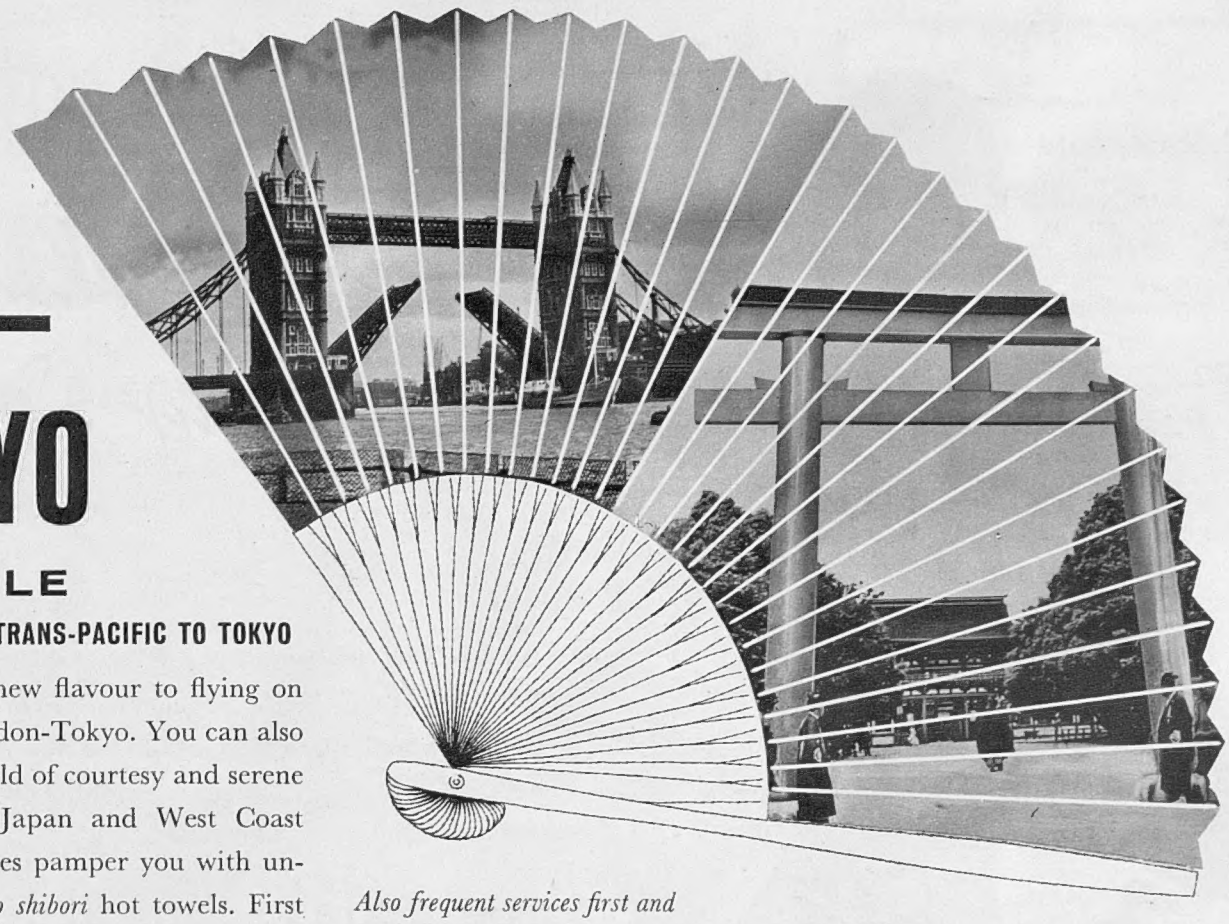
From time to time the sunny, blue sky over the pool darkens, heavy rain falls (into the pool), and most realistic streaks of lightning cross the by now stormy sky, followed appropriately by equally realistic rolls of thunder. The rest of the time music is provided by four endearing players from Tonga who are pleasantly unsophisticated, and are obviously enjoying their own playing and singing.

An excellent evening's entertainment altogether.

LONDON—TOKYO

OVER THE POLE

ALSO VIA U.S.A. TRANS-PACIFIC TO TOKYO



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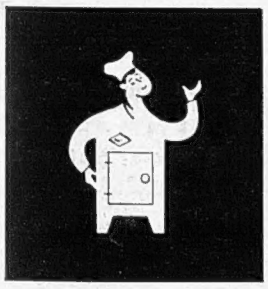

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